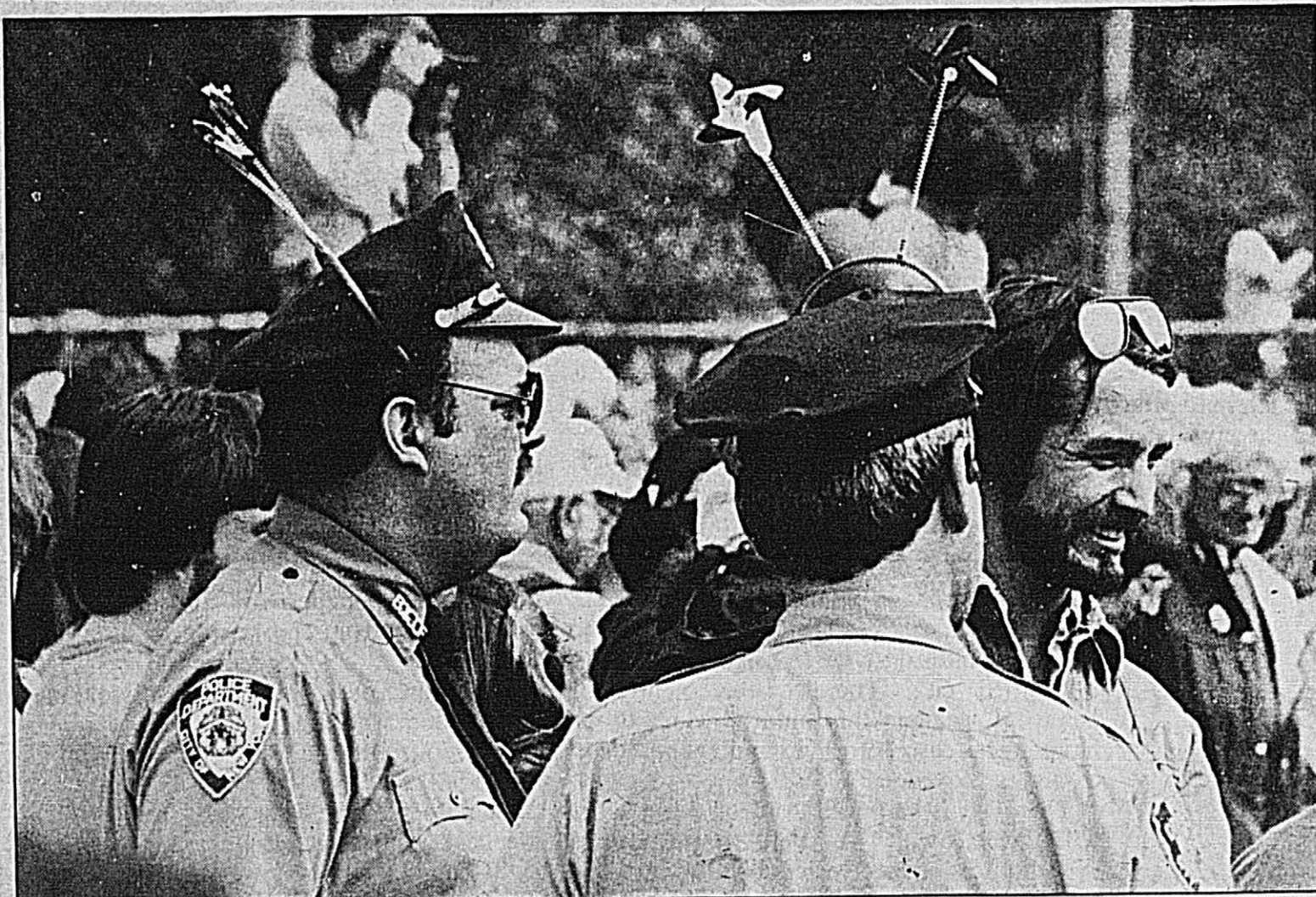


FREE Summer Edition GRATUIT

16 Juin-30 Juin

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What are these Wingy-Bongers, and why are they wearing these men?

Fission around in NYC

by Peter Kuitenbrouwer

With different intensities, most Americans care about the arms race. The border guard was quite civil about the whole thing; "Are all of you guys involved with UNSSOD-2?" he asked, peering into the van, "Now don't all answer at once, I'm going to ask each one of you individually, and I want a yes or no answer. Are you a member of the World Peace Council?" Then: "Are you or have you ever been a member of the Communist Party?" Then: "IDs please."

When we got quite close to New York City, some of us split off to hitch-hike the rest of the way. A huge, fat, long-haired motorcycle-gang member picked us up in his jeep. He had two children, aged 11 and 14. We asked him what he thought about the arms race and the anti-nuclear movement.

"I don't think there's all that much to be done," he said. "The movement isn't big enough to be noticed. If 100,000 people got together in each of America's 100 largest cities and formed a disarmament coalition, then the government would listen to them. And then I would listen to them, and join them. But somebody's got to start it."

750,000 people, according to the New York City Police Department, made it to the rally. 800,000, according to organisers. The mass of humanity was unbelievable. Walking to the rendez-vous on Second Avenue around 47th Street, we began noticing the hordes heading our way. The rally was so big that you didn't just go. You *joined* one specific group. Either you were with a Tenant and Community group on 51st, Gay and Lesbian group on 49th, or an Unaffiliated Concerned Persons group on 52nd. But, by the time we got there, it was impossible to manoeuvre in any direction. So, we raised our Canadian flag and stood.

Find a raised object to stand on, or stand on someone's shoulders and look around. Everywhere there is a densely packed sea of colourful humanity. The crowd, waiting patiently for the march to begin, is alive. There are bongo and conga players, many dancers, chanters, button-vendors, and, especially, leaflet, pamphlet and newspaper distributors. Every

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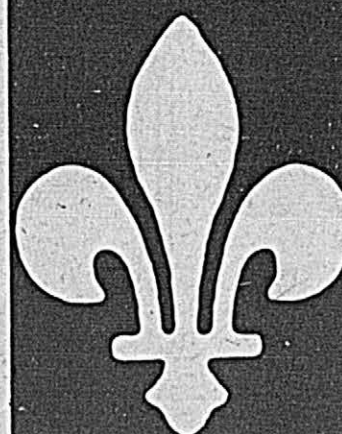


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Happy holidays

*Nukes: Fotos, facts
and figures see pages
9,10,11*

Comment

Genocide

The *Blitzkrieg* in South Lebanon discredits Israel.

The Israeli army has invaded Lebanon to destroy the Palestinian Liberation Organization. They want the Palestinian people, many who live in refugee camps and shanty towns, to leave Lebanon.

Are the Israelis so unaware that they don't know that the Palestinian people have nowhere left to go? Do they not realise that the land they call Israel was home to these refugees? Do they not know the history of the Palestinian diaspora?

It seems unlikely, since it was the Israeli state that "dislodged" these refugees from their homes. Nor is it plausible that the present actions are directed solely against "terrorists" — we have all seen the television film of the small children killed in the invasion.

There comes a point when a people can run no longer. The Palestinians have been betrayed by many Arab nations, expelled by

the Jordanians, bombed by the Syrians, and denied by the Egyptians. They have nowhere left to go.

The Israeli nation bases its legitimacy on its claim to be the homeland of the Jewish people. These people have been oppressed for centuries, they have been expelled from many nations, and, in World War Two, the Nazi state set out to destroy and murder them.

How, then, can a people that has suffered its own diaspora set out to inflict the same pains on the Palestinian people? How can the Israeli state proclaim itself as the guardian of an afflicted people when they are presently attempting genocide on another?

The irony defies description; no well-oiled press release can justify what the Israelis are trying to do.

If Israel ever had an ounce of legitimacy, it has abrogated it with its murderous action against the Palestinians. A state so possessed of cold-blooded savagery that it bombs refugee camps can never pretend to be a haven for anyone. A state so cruel cannot be trusted in any sphere.

There have been many holocausts in

history. In this century the Armenian people, the Gypsies, and The Jews represent the most sickening examples of calculated, state-sponsored genocides. If the Israeli state can convince the American government to allow it, the Palestinian people will be added to that list.

There can be no justification for this slaughter, and there can be no excuse for the Israeli army's present actions.

The Palestinian people need our support. They have managed to press their cause within international diplomatic circles in recent years. They have the nominal support of many reactionary Arab states, but they need our support as much as they need governments. It's time the Palestinian Liberation Organization is recognized for what it is; the legitimate representative of the Palestinian people.

And it's time our governments started to work for a democratic, secular state of Palestine, where Jew and non-Jew, Palestinian or non-Palestinian may live together in peace.

Richard Flint

La Fête

*"Crimson and Sapphire
Living in perfect rapture
Side by side on my piano keyboard
Oh Lord
Why can't we?"*

(apologies to Paul McCartney and Stevie Wonder).

They may not be our kind. Their and our supposed leaders in Québec may be squandering our money.

They might have polarised the English population and are accused of creating a commercial vacuum in the province. It may be that our unemployment rate is comparable to that all over the Western World. Though some policies are questionable, it's not unmanageable.

It's Christmas in June, almost exactly six months from that celebration — and time to count our blessings. We live in a remarkable, diversified city. There's been plenty of beautiful weather this month. Most of us have great reasons to live, and four-fifth of us are employed.

The glass is half full! And on June 24, it will overflow. The Fête nationale is everybody's chance to mingle and party on the street, and unleash all the kinks and inhibitions.

Another extravaganza, as usual, is planned. Sure, the Québec government has run into problems in the past. Last fall, La Presse ran a long series on how the festivities had cost wads of money but hadn't produced many local celebrations. Last week, a French man on T.V. asked what had happened to the small parties organized locally by each street, instead of these blow-out parties which re-

quire so much paperwork and then are too far removed from the people to be a good time?

What, indeed? The Fête nationale may have become Québec city's way of saying: "Fuck you, Ottawa, we've got our own national holiday."

That doesn't stop it, as well, from being an excellent way to get out during a summer night, mingle with everyone, lose all regional or linguistic prejudices, and raise a fuss — dancing and getting drunk. Anyone who can smile or drink a Labatt is invited.

There will be spontaneous and organized music, poetry, dancing, and yelling. All need a chance to really let it out on the street. So stand up and make your voice heard. The French people do not want to hurt you; only to have fun.

Peter F. Kuitenbrouwer



Summer Edition Staff Box

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The Summer Edition was produced by:

Ed Arzoulan, E. Ronald Bernstein, our friend Boris, Ralph Dobbertin, Diane Dyson, Richard Flint, Bradley Foster, Barbara Fryer, G.P. Goad, Timothy Gouldson, Susan Gray, Eyal Katten, Susan Keyes, Peter F. Kuitenbrouwer, Lucie Masse, Peter Orr, Michael Pacholka, Martin Siberok, Peter Tannenbaum, Brian Topp, Tim Trapp

These hearty souls and more get together every Monday at 1:00 p.m. in the Summer Edition (McGill Daily) office to plan out the following day's or week's issue. A bag of scones and the definition of zarf will get you in for free. Bring story ideas. Foto ideas, too.

How much is that condo in the window?

by Timothy Gouldson

Those who are searching for low rate rental housing units in the Montréal area this year will be faced with low vacancy rates, and thus less choice. Rental rates are also conforming to the inflationary circumstances of the economy. It is essential for tenants to know about provincial laws and regulations regarding rental housing in order to ensure and protect themselves during and after the process of acquiring housing.

A reasonably convenient method of familiarizing oneself with the housing market in Montreal is to contact the established tenants associations such as: the Côte de Nieve Tenants Association at 738-0101; the Committee de Logement Centre-Sud at 521-5992; and the NDG Tenants Association at 484-9094.

Tenants associations have emerged as an effective voice for tenants and prospective tenants in recent years. For this reason housing spokesman for the Montréal Citizens Movement, Arnold Bennett encourages tenant participation in these groups; "people have to act collectively at the rental board in order to make a stronger case" said Bennett.

Bennett offers the following advice to those who become new tenants and later discover that the rent increase has exceeded the amount allowed by the Régie de Logement:

- If the previous rent is in the lease you have ten days from signing to ask the Régie for a roll-back.
- If there was no mention of the previous rent you have two months from the time you moved in i.e. the beginning of the lease.
- If a false amount of the last tenant's rent has been written into the lease you have two months from the discovery of the fraud. In this case the landlord is liable to a fine of \$200-\$2000.

It is important says Bennett; "that old tenants inform new tenants of the previous rent rates".

In the lease itself it is important, according to Bennett, to watch for "illegal clauses such as: agreeing not to go to the rental board; or the landlord not being responsible for repairs; or the amount of furniture supplied."

These are the types of things which are not conveyed to the public by the Régie de Logement. This is due to, as Bennett explains, "an atrocious publicity campaign, which through vague general statements, has made the public believe what is wrong, the 20 per cent increase limit for instance (in fact a rent increase must be justified by the landlord)." Rising fuel bills and renovation costs are often cited as reasons for rent increases.

Bennett further comments on the Régie's portrayal of landlord tenant relations claiming, "they create a fantasy world of eternal good faith with landlords. They don't prepare people for problems they might encounter. Then if you make a mistake they say ignorance of the law is no excuse."

Québec is one of few remaining provinces which enacts rent control into public policy. When asked about the effectiveness of rent control Bennett replied, "rent control is not adequate, but there would be chaos without it. Landlords would raise rents by 30 per cent or more if they thought they could do what they wanted."

Even with rent controls Bennett

claims that "landlords are ahead of the game. A part of the tenant population accepts the rent increases, a part move out, and the remainder fight at the rental board. Unfortunately though, not a high enough proportion fight."

Rent control is not popular among landlords. They often use the example: if you control housing why not food etc. To this Bennett counters; "we have a choice of stores, but if the landlord raises the rent you can't walk over and move in somewhere else, therefore, you are a prisoner, therefore, you must go to the rental board."

On the issue of housing as a "social right", Bennett claims that "presently there are 600 units of public housing under construction with 1600 names on the waiting list. In the meantime, the city is selling land at cut rates to developers; the priorities of the current administration are all screwed up."

The city

Landlords disagree

Paul Lambert, President of the Montréal Homeowners League, has a different view of the housing situation. Lambert is a devout advocate of the free market and says, "nothing should be controlled." He reminds us that "Marx forgot that if you don't stimulate someone they won't work. The profit incentive puts people to work in hope of getting things they would like to have."

On "housing as a social right"



Lambert says, "housing is a right, and so is everything but we have to earn them, somebody has to pay for it. Even in co-ops there is little success unless they adopt capitalist means."

Taxation is the main issue for landlords according to Lambert. Landlords oppose the present tax system where taxes for municipal services are levied against them in the form of property taxes. Instead Lambert says "these services should be paid for from income tax revenues." Lambert admits that these costs are passed on to the tenants in the form of higher rents already.

Owner of three condominiums, Lambert states "to have your own house is a dream of the past, we've got to congregate. If everyone had a fifty foot lot for a bungalow it would cost 11 times more than if apartments were constructed instead." Lambert is referring of course to city dwellings. Under the assumption that city dwelling is in fact a convenience, Lambert points out that "only those who can afford such a convenience will be able to obtain it."

Another problem according to Lambert is "the expense of building because of union input into labour contracts." He claims that unions have incorporated "less productivity" into such contracts. "Why pay for a coffee break? With rest, the more you get the more you want. The Japanese have discipline."

Lambert feels that the Homeowners League suffers from a lack of publicity and is up against a "pro-tenant Régie de Logement" and people like Arnold Ben-

nett who are politically motivated, "he wants to be a city councillor for the MCM and he wants the vote," concluded Lambert.

A viable alternative to renting is the co-op. Tenants purchase an apartment building and manage it collectively. According to Josh Wolfe, a coordinator for the Société Amélioration Milton Parc, "this is a non-profit investment at \$50, a share which also requires a certain degree of your time and organization."

The Milton Park Co-op consists of 600 units where, "the ground organization is done by people already in the community," says Wolfe. Mortgage costs are subsidized by the Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation.

One factor however, which is being closely monitored is zoning; "We're presently working on zoning, to prevent anyone from knocking down buildings and changing the nature of the community, with condominiums for example," said Wolf.

As Wolf views the current housing situation in Montréal, "Landlords say they have problems, like not making money. We should try to form more co-ops, because housing is like breathing; should someone be making a profit from it?"

The old port opens

An extensive animation program at Le Vieux Port at the foot of Place Jacques Cartier will start this July 20 and run through into September.

The Groupe d'animation urbaine de Montréal, who was responsible for last summer's highly successful Histoire de Soldat tour through the city's parks and this spring's photo exhibition along St. Catherine St. are putting together an exciting schedule of activities to tempt people down to the river this summer.

Montréalers have been cut off from the river for too many years. Last year a limited animation program was carried out and enjoyed a good measure of success. This year their promises to be a much fuller schedule of events and performances as well as well as few new physical amenities which should make just sitting around much more pleasant.

Some concerts have already been announced with jazz and local pop groups featured prominently. As well there will be something for classical music and theatre devotees. A Shakespearean adaptation performed by some of Montréal's younger thespians will be one of the highlights of the summer.

Daytime activities for children have also been planned and a special area and times will be set aside for the younger set. Joggers and cyclists will find paths and an attempt to attract the 'people watching people' crowd is being made.

—G.P.Goad

Getting into the ghetto

by John Moore

The summer of 1982 holds promise for apartment hunters seeking a place in and around the McGill/downtown neighbourhood. The McGill ghetto teams with apartments waiting for eager lessees. The options are varied and area convenient, but the point now is to move fast.

With the recent craze over renovation projects, this area of Montreal is sporting more and more impressive buildings of very attractive architectural design. Durocher street is just one of many which has undergone such transformation. The "Le Jardin" apartments are an example of the work and money which owners, the city, and taxpayers, are putting into such projects. For all prospective tenants, a demo apartment, complete with all the trimmings and superb interior decor is open for viewing. The "La Cité" complex, bordered by Hutchison and Parc, is a high rise dweller's delight.

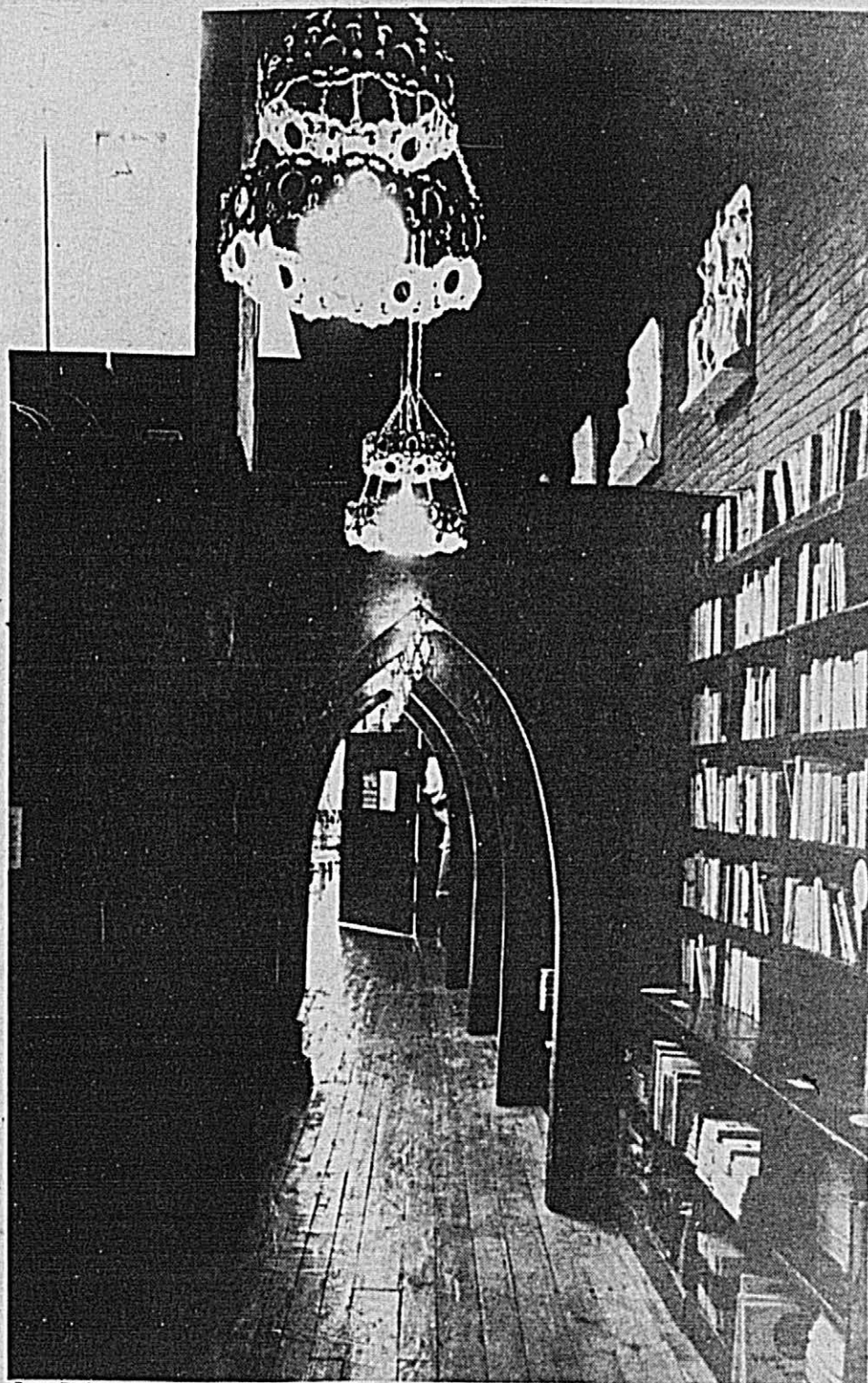
The one problem which students and lower income Montrealers are

beginning to face is a reduction of low-cost housing. Land is becoming more valuable, and many buildings that are slightly run down may soon become fancy condominiums costing a fortune.

Student areas are being taken over as landowners filter through the cheaper dwellings with plans of renovating or completely rebuilding whatever stands in their way. "We don't have many students here," is the dry answer from one of the secretaries at the "La Cité" rental board.

For those who can afford it there are now many places which cater to the upper classes. A brief glance around the area east of McGill University is all one needs to realize that the wealthy have nothing to worry about. These places are impressive. That's little solace for those of us who can't afford such luxury.

Sublets are now available, as many students leave during the summer months, so get your foot in the door before it closes with a resounding thud...



Le Palais du livre is definitely not your average bookstore. Seen here is the "Chapel", where rare books are sold.

GOV'T ADVISES: Cigarette selling necessary to business health

by Peter F. Kuitenbrouwer

Tucked away in a grey, well-worn section of Vieux Montréal sits Pierre-Roger Nadeau's monument to the aesthetics of reading and the power of the printed word.

Six stories high, Le Palais du Livre (The Book Palace) at 408 McGill St. is an old, well-crafted building full of French literature and information.

The store also owns two warehouses, and the three buildings store a total of 14 million books. Nadeau says his is the biggest retail-only French bookstore in the world.

The store will close at the end of August.

This is not another The-Economy-is-Crumbling — What's-Happening-to-our-Heritage sob story. Rather, it is a battle between Nadeau's concept of the aesthetic of literature and a 1926 law on commerce. The law which Ottawa passed on to the provinces when shopping centres began appearing, forbids book-selling on Sundays and weeknights, aside from Thursday and Friday.

In the 10 years he's been open, Nadeau has been constantly harrassed by the Montréal Urban Community police. He has fought 12 lawsuits, and only lost one.

Braving all these obstacles, Nadeau resolutely remained open on Sunday, his best business day. But in the last two months the police have become more militant. "For five Sundays in a row," Nadeau said, "they came in and bugged me. Usually they just file verbal proceedings, which I can deal with: I always win in court. But now they just come in and persistently pester me about the law."

Nadeau fights back

After consultation with his friend Gérard Godin, Québec's Minister of Immigration and Cultural Affairs, Nadeau decided to hold a huge liquidation sale (which is now in progress) and earn enough money to close down for what may be an extended court battle.

Meanwhile, he has also started a publicity blitz: he was on six radio and two T.V. stations last week, as well as in La Presse. In addition, he's begun a petition which he is aiming at the Québec legislature. In two weeks sitting at the front of the Palais, the petition has collected over 5,000 signatures.

Nadeau is quite confident he will win the fight. "The law is ridiculous," he said, "But if nobody does anything, it won't be possible to change it."

Nadeau also said he was a private detective for 14 years before he got into the book business. "I've got the background and know-how to amend and change laws," he said.

He also has some powerful allies. Godin shops at his store, as well as the MUC police chief. Then there is Claude Ryan, and too many other influential people to count. Nadeau flipped through a book he put out front when he started the petition. About 100 pages already are filled with people's comments of support. Yves St. Denis, president of the Association Franco-Ontarien, wrote that he shopped at Le Palais all the time, but could only come there on Sunday because he had such a long way to travel.

In addition, there are the cops on the beat, who, when they have done their day's worth of abusing Nadeau for his policies, come back with their hats off to browse. "They are under orders to bug me," Nadeau said, "From whom, I don't know."

Butts buy books?

The only way Nadeau could get around the antique law would be to begin selling cigarettes and qualify as a tabagie. Other stores which sell mainly books, such as Carron and Varimag on St. Catherine near the Berri-de-Montigny Métro station, do sell cigarettes so that they may stay open Sunday.

Nadeau said that this was ridiculous, pointing out that Carron has expanded twice but still sells as few brands of cigarettes. And on principal, he says, he will never sell cigarettes.

"I think it's illogical to sell cigarettes and tell people that they can't smoke in my store," Nadeau said, "I don't intend to do anything but sell books. I think it's sort of a prostitution to sell cigarettes in order to be permitted to sell books."

Nadeau spoke at length about what he calls the spiritual quality that books have; "I don't think books can be treated as furniture or ashtrays." He said his store was concerned about atmosphere and not promotion; "I'm running sort of a Jewish bargain house right now," he said about all the signs in his store proclaiming sale prices. "Before, we never had one sign."

"I used to have two girls working here only on atmosphere," he said. "They would greet customers as they arrived. And we used to serve coffee free to every person who came in. They could stay here and read all day if they wanted. We never pushed them."

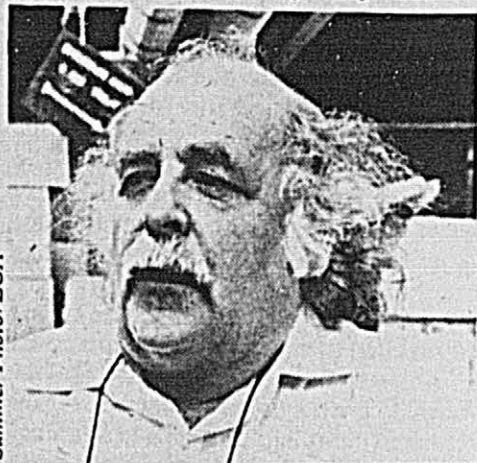
Nadeau said that bookstores open outside standard business hours are very common in other "big international cities, like New York and Paris, and even Toronto. I don't know how many books there are about people meeting and falling in love while book-browsing by the Seine," he said.

The Québec Government has contradictory policies, he said. "They let people buy tobacco and wine easily until 11 p.m., but then spend millions trying to get people to stop using them. Then they spend lots of money trying to encourage people to read, and order bookstores to close at 6:00 p.m. and on Sundays."

Nadeau, who employs 40 people full-time, read an article from a prestigious French literary magazine which described Le Palais du Livre as "the Himalaya of bookstores." "We ship all over the world," Nadeau said, "We ship goods to Korea and Greece. Before we began this liquidation we were buying a shipment of books every 13 minutes of every day."

"Getting the time and money to close and fight in Québec City is going to be hard for me and everybody," Nadeau said, "I don't have to work. I could be a millionaire, if I just sold off all my books for 10 cents each. But the day I'm gonna stop doing something I love... If I have to close so that the principle is respected, and so that people can be served according to their needs, I will do so... I'm sure that our efforts will not be in vain."

Nadeau tossed out the argument that if the Québec government softens on booksellers, other retailers will see it as a precedent and try to get concessions; "Books aren't a normal commodity," he insisted; "People come here to browse and don't buy any books."



Pierre-Roger Nadeau

Sometimes they don't have any money but they tell me how perfect is for their insides to come and breathe in this atmosphere. This isn't a shoe store where the sales clerk has to push."

He said, in addition, that the precedent had already been set by florists and pharmacists. "We're not asking for money or for help from the government," he said, "We just want to work. And I think, when someone wants to work, you should give them the opportunity."

Summer Photo/E.G. Arcoulan

Summer Photo/EGA

Who needs X&@! buses? Have bike will travel

by Bradley Foster

For those who are just getting the bicycle out of the shed because of the Métro strike and for those of us who are avid cyclists, Montréal's bicycle paths offer an alternative to city riding. Bicycle paths straddle the lower west half of the island of Montréal as well as part of the South Shore.

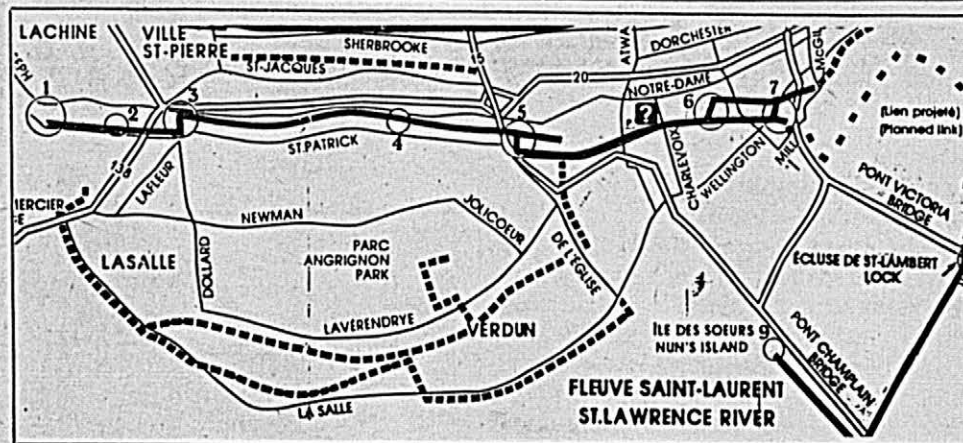
The main path across Montréal extends from Lachine to Old Montréal, most of it along the neglected Lachine Canal. The route is, predictably enough, very flat which makes it dear to the hearts of many cyclists who are fed up with pedalling up and down the mountain. The Lachine canal was built in the mid-nineteenth century to open Montréal up for industrial exploitation, so many of the factories that line the canal are old and craggy. Since then, most of the industry has fled the area, leaving the canal unused. The federal government has turned the canal banks into a paved tree-lined bicycle path. Riding along the path one can actually forget that he or she is in the midst of a once thriving industrial area. Birds compete with factory whistles and open space winds around dank factories.

Access to the path is tricky because there are only seven intersections across the path. It can be entered from Old

Montréal, Riverside, Des Seigneurs, Côte St. Paul, Notre Dame (south of Côte St. Luc), Gauron (in Ville St. Pierre), Beauchamp, or Lyrette (in Lachine). The lack of access is balanced by the fact that there are several kilometres of uninterrupted stretches for riding. This is one of the high points of the 11 kilometre route that distinguishes it from other sojourns across the island.

If you don't have a bicycle, there are separate paths for pedestrians along side the canal. If you have a canoe you can bring it along for a trip through the water, although I have yet to see any floating objects in the canal.

Another bicycle path worth checking out is the one along de Maisonneuve from Decarie to somewhere near Loyola. The path takes you through a dreary collage of autobody shops and railway sidings with the benefit of a



painted yellow line to keep the cars at bay. It offers a way of getting across N.D.G. without hassling with much traffic. Don't miss the loop of asphalt on a bank of the fresh lawn at Decarie.

A more serene route is offered along the Montréal Aqueduct, south of the Lachine canal, or along the St. Lawrence river in Verdun and Lasalle. The aqueduct route takes you to Angrignon Park and beyond along a ribbon of park land. The riverside route follows the St. Lawrence shore with a slightly thicker strip of park to the Mer-

cier Bridge and Lachine Rapids. These routes are terrific for getting through Lasalle and Verdun, but for those of us who have no reason to, they offer a way to escape from the bustle of the city.

Between the river and the Seaway on the South Shore, another bike path takes you from the Victoria Bridge to the Ste. Catherine locks. The path can also be entered by way of the ice boom from Nun's Island. The path is built on the breakwater in between the river and the Seaway, so you have a separate body of water on each side. The path ends at the Ste. Catherine locks where you can see the large ships go by and up and down. There is also a meager National Park for swimming and sunning.

If you have a bicycle or if you like to walk in one direction for a long time, these paths provide an alternative to the gritty urban street corner environment. They give you the opportunity to get your bicycle out for a good workout along with some reasonably good scenery and fresh air.

Mansion museum

Montréal will have a new museum for citizens and visitors to enjoy in 1984 if a multi-million dollar plan announced by the Canadian Centre for Architecture this week stays on track.

The CCA, founded by Phyllis Lambert in 1979, unveiled its plan at a

news conference last Monday. The Shaughnessy mansion on Dorchester will be the site of this new museum, library and research centre.

The CCA will be building an annex as well as renovating the mansion itself.

—G.P.Goad

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Baltimore Burns

by Nancy Kingsbury
Daily Baltimore Bureau

The urban poor are the victims of a myriad of maladies. Their suffering goes by many names: economic marginalization; malnutrition; inferior quality education; and discrimination — social discrimination because they are poor, and in the U.S., racial discrimination because a large segment of the poor are black.

Like their education and their diets, the housing of the majority of lower income families is deficient. Inadequate housing is directly related to inadequate income.

Substandard housing conditions have negative, and potentially fatal, effects on the health and safety of their inhabitants. Dangers to physical well-being come from rat and cockroach cohabitation, increased potential for household accidents and fires, and from certain housing-related diseases such as dysentery, skin ailments, and lead poisoning.

In a four day period from May 15 thru 18, the potential fatality of low-income housing was dramatically illustrated in the city of Baltimore.

Located 35 miles northeast of Washington, D.C., Baltimore is the thirteenth largest city in the U.S. It has a population of over 786,000, fifty-five per cent of whom are black, and fourteen per cent of whom are classified by the U.S. Census Bureau as being "poor".

On May 15, a residential fire in the Clifton Park neighborhood claimed 10 lives. On May 18 another fire in the Park Heights Avenue area resulted in seven deaths. All victims were black, all lived in lower income neighborhoods.

Physical causes of the fire varied. Fire officials said "careless smoking" caused the May 18 blaze. The earlier fire was the result of the "careless use of kerosene lamps and candles". Why candle light in this electrical age? Because the Baltimore Gas & Electric Co. had cut off power because of overdue bills.

Safety, from fires at least, apparently comes with a price. If not the \$700 plus in overdue electric bills the one family owed, then at its minimum, fire safety costs about \$20 — the price of a smoke detector. In addition to all the fires having been in low-income neighborhoods, they were both also in houses that didn't have smoke detectors.

The Baltimore City Fire Department



In the ghettos of Baltimore, the poor can't afford fire protection — so their houses burn. May, 18 people died of smoke inhalation.

has long been lauded by city officials and national firefighting associations as being one of the country's best. Competition for entry to the City Fire Academy is fierce, and the tough training there helps produce what some call a "crack force" of efficient firefighters.

But for the seventeen dead, "crack" firemen were not enough. When firefighters got to both scenes, there was little their training could do to help the victims.

The department spokesperson, Capt. Patrick Flynn, told local reporters that the May 15th victims were most likely already dead by the time help arrived. On May 18th, firefighters got to the Park Heights Avenue house only to find a fire so intense they could not enter the dwelling for close to ten minutes.

And that was too many minutes late. When finally able to enter, firefighters found seven people — all dead of smoke inhalation.

Capt. Flynn went on to say that smoke-detectors could have saved most of the recent victims, and that neither house had had one.

What he didn't say was that certain houses need smoke-detectors more than others.

Many lower-income neighborhoods in Baltimore and in other urban areas are full of such homes in need. Those are homes that have a lot of people living in close quarters, and thereby the chances of starting a fire are multiplied. There are older homes that are without fire-escapes, homes that have dangerous electrical wiring, homes that are without

expensive asbestos insulation (which acts as a heat-retardant). And these are the homes of the poor.

Indeed, city fire officials say that most residential fires in the winter in Baltimore happen when poorer families use boiling water, inexpensive and unsafe coal and wood heaters, and space heaters (often placed too close to flammable materials) to keep their homes warm.

In 1969, it was estimated that 43 per cent of all black families in Baltimore lived in sub-standard housing. In addition, one quarter of all occupied housing units in the city were at a quality level well below what was then regarded as minimally acceptable in the Baltimore Housing Code.

While that statistic indicates a housing crisis affecting the entire population, blacks and low-income families seem to be suffering from more than their fair share of the problem. Over 90 per cent of the families that lacked adequate housing in that 1969 survey were either non-white or low-income, or both.

In addition, the interaction of race and income meant a sharp increase in the risk of experiencing a housing quality problem. Two-thirds of low-income black households occupied deficient housing, as compared to only three-tenths of low-income whites.

But houses, even those that are sub-standard, are expensive for families living on incomes of less than \$8,000 US per year. And, in some cases, the \$20 smoke-detectors are also too expensive.

In lieu of going into the business of urban renovation, this winter the city fire department bought over 6,000 smoke-detectors and distributed them free of charge to low-income families. They also gave instructions on how to install them. That is what firefighters call fire prevention, something that they enjoy doing more than pulling bodies out of burning houses.

The fire department has run out of funds to continue its give-away program, but has recently decided to start supplying smoke detectors to any taker for only \$6. A laudable, and unusual program, but nonetheless an effort that recently proved to be not quite enough for some Baltimoreans.

Baltimore Mayor Schaeffer responded to the fatalities saying that the city could give thousands of free smoke detectors but that wouldn't solve the problem. "People must take the responsibility themselves", the Mayor said.

At a press conference after the second fatal fire, a reportedly "despondent" Schaeffer encouraged all city residents to plan fire escape routes in their homes and to have practice fire drills.

Another local politician also responded publicly to the fire-induced deaths. State Delegate Frank M. Conaway gave away 50 free smoke detectors at his place of business on May 24. The Baltimore Sun quoted Conaway as saying that the effort was "designed, in part, to draw attention to my election campaign, as well as my wife's campaign bid for the position of Registrar of Wills".

Incidentally, Conaway's place of business is the Ashburton Insurance Co.

The Baltimore City Council also responded. On May 21, the Council passed a law requiring all homes to have a smoke detector device. In their imminent legislative wisdom, the Council further decided to enforce the law in the following manner: whenever the Fire Department answers a call at a private residence, an inspection is made to determine the presence of a smoke detector. If there is no such device found, residents are fined and have ten days to install a smoke detector. If one is not in place after ten days, an additional fine can be levied.

Therefore, under this new law, if there had been any survivors in either of the fatal fires in May, they would be fined for not having had a smoke detector in their homes...

Unenforceable laws, the giving away of 6,000 smoke detectors for a city that has over 400,000 housing units, all seem to be rather simplistic solutions to a complex problem — the physically, socially, and sometimes fatally, polluted urban environment of the poor.

82

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Montréal doctors fighting against cancer

by Barbara Fryer

Students can earn \$40.00 by selling some of their bone marrow to a cancer research laboratory at Montréal's Lady Davis Institute. The lab is run by Dr Lawrence Panasci, an oncologist (he specializes in tumours), who also practices at the Jewish General Hospital and lectures at McGill.

Panasci uses the human bone marrow in research aimed at improving chemotherapy, the treatment of cancer using drugs, as opposed to radiation therapy and surgery. The well-known problem with chemotherapy is that it kills not only malignant cells, but also the body's healthy, rapidly-dividing cells, such as those that make up the bone marrow, kidneys, hair and nails.

Panasci is looking for ways to make chemotherapy less toxic to healthy parts of the body, without losing its effectiveness against cancer cells. His small lab, presently staffed by two technicians, a post-graduate and three students, is currently engaged in three lines of investigation.

One of the lines of research is exploring the possibility of using amino acids, the basic elements of proteins, to lessen the harmful effects of the chemotherapeutic drug *melfalan*. Working under Panasci in this project are Maurice Dufour, a post-graduate from the University of Montréal, technicians Judy St. Germain and Hélène Bonin, and CEGEP student Louise Boulet.

Amino acids inhibit the uptake of the drug *melfalan* into cells, explains St. Germain, and there are over 20 kinds of amino acids, all of which affect the intake of the drug to a different extent. The goal of the research is to find an amino acid which, when administered along with *melfalan*, will prevent healthy cells from taking up too much of the drug, but which at the same time will not greatly reduce the amount of the drug being taken in by malignant cells. In such a situation the *melfalan* would do less damage to the body in general, as it would be prevented from entering healthy cells, while the malignant cells, still taking in significant portions of the drug, would not be able to divide and spread as quickly.

In this project the effects of *melfalan* and amino acids on cancer cells are compared to their effects on human bone marrow cells. Bone marrow is an appropriate representative of the body's healthy cells, as marrow cells are among those most badly damaged by chemotherapy. Healthy bone marrow, taken from the donor's hip, is cultured in flat-bottomed media plates, which provide optimal conditions for maximum growth.

Certain plates of the marrow are given *melfalan*, while others are administered the same drug along with a specific amino acid. All of the plates are slid under a microscope and the number of cells in each one is carefully counted. Next the cultures are incubated after which the cells are again counted.

After the incubation period, if the cultures which have been given an amino acid along with the drug have a greater number of cells than those which have received the drug alone, it would indicate that the amino acid were inhibiting the marrow from taking up some of the drug, and as a result allowing the healthy cells to continue growing. This would signify a reduction in the harmful effect of a chemotherapeutic drug.

Meanwhile malignant tumour tissue, taken from the operating room, is also cultured in media plates. As in the case of the marrow cells, some of the malignant cells receive *melfalan* by itself, while others are administered a combination of *melfalan* and an amino acid. The plates of cancer cells are then counted, incubated and re-counted.

After the incubation period if the amount of cells in the samples that have received an amino acid with the drug is greater than that of the cultures that have only been given *melfalan*, it would indicate the amino acid were preventing *melfalan* from entering cancer cells and consequently allowing the cancer to spread. It is therefore hoped that the cultures given amino acids will not be much bigger than those receiving only *melfalan*, as this would mean the amino acids were not greatly hindering the drug's effect against cancer.

The results of these experiments are still inconclusive.

So far, according to Dufour, about 20 different amino acids have been tested.

In addition to doing experiments using bone marrow, the lab also uses mice to test drugs. Keeping with the same basic objective of rendering chemotherapeutic drugs less toxic to healthy areas, another line of research is investigating whether treating cancer using a combination of two chemotherapeutic drugs might be less damaging to the body than a single medicine.

In this project, run by McGill biology student Andrea Dorato, mice are injected with malignant tumour cells and then divided into several groups, to be treated in various ways.

One group is given the chemotherapeutic drug *sodium cyanate*, while another is treated with *melfalan*. A third group is given both *sodium cyanate* and *melfalan*, and one medicine is injected a specific time period before the other. Some mice are given both drugs at the same time. Another group is injected with only a saline solution and no drug at all, in order to determine how long the mice can survive the disease without any medicine.

These experiments are still in their early stages, but so far the mice that receive both drugs at the same time survive the longest. This would suggest chemotherapy could be rendered less harmful and more effective by combining different drugs. However it is much too early to reach any kind of conclusions.

Panasci's lab is also testing how quickly malignant cells take up chemotherapeutic drugs, compared to the speed with which healthy, rapidly-dividing cells take them in. In a project headed by Philip Lazarus, a McGill graduate student in experimental medicine, mice are injected with malignant cells and a week later their tumours are removed. The malignant tissue is cultured and given doses of *chlorozotoin*, a drug that is no longer in clinical

use. Meanwhile samples of healthy bone marrow from mice are given the same drug.

The *chlorozotoin* is made radioactive before it is used, so that it can be detected by a scintillation counter, a machine which measures radioactivity. This machine is used to determine how much *chlorozotoin* is in the cancer and marrow cells at specific times, and so how rapidly the drug is entering the cells.

Although *chlorozotoin* is no longer used on cancer patients, because of its high toxicity, it is hoped that by tracing how it interacts with cells some light may be shed on how to go about making it less poisonous to healthy parts of the body. The same experiments are also being carried out to test the drug *C.C.N.U.*, which is used to

treat Hodgkin's disease.

Dorato and Lazarus point out that the lab is periodically visited by the Canadian Council on Animal Care, to insure that, by the agency's standards, animals aren't being wasted.

In addition to researching known drugs, Panasci's lab will soon be testing a new drug being developed at the University of Sherbrooke. Panasci, an American, believes that in some ways cancer research is better in Canada than in the United States, saying that here it is "less organized, less political and more individualistic." He said that in the U.S. big grants are given to large organizations, whereas here individuals are able to carry out their own smaller projects. In Canada research is "more innovative in some ways", he said.

Terry Fox

All too often we honour our fallen heroes on the anniversary of their deaths. We mourn their memory and bemoan the fact that they are no longer with us. Yet, at the same time, we overlook their accomplishments, forget the lessons that they had hoped to teach us, ignore what they spent much of their lives fighting for, and, much too quickly, we let their dreams die.

June 21st will be the second anniversary of Terry Fox's entry into the province of Quebec during his "Marathon of Hope." Yet, two years ago, after he had run for over two months and a thousand miles, the one-legged wonder was despondent upon his arrival into La Belle Province. The official response by both media and government was less than overwhelming, and the majority of the public was unaware of Fox's endeavour. There were even those who decreed the run across Canada as a hoax.

On Monday, Sept. 1, 1980, the "Marathon of Hope" came to an end. The cancer that had claimed Terry Fox's right leg in 1979 was virulent and spread to his lungs.

Last summer, Terry Fox died.

Looking back on Terry's brave fight, one might say that his was a tragic life. But Terry himself discarded that view when he once said: "If anybody feels pity for me...they don't understand what I'm doing. Yeah, that would bother me if any of those people are crying for reasons of pity. Then I'm not getting the message across..."

Terry's message was simple: the dream never dies.

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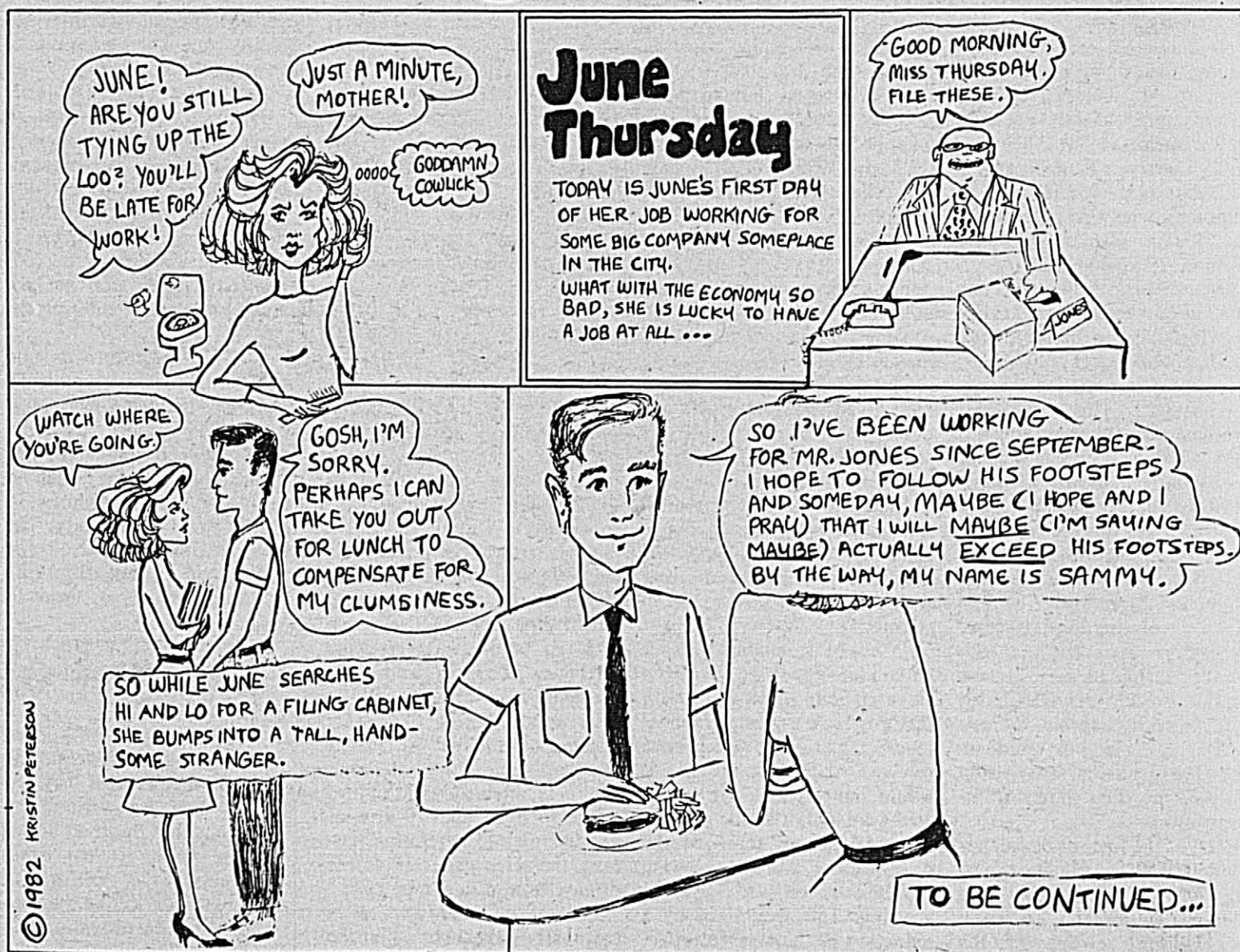
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8:30 A.M. - 7:00 P.M.
Office G7, Currie Gymnasium

CO-ORDINATOR: Sandra Carter

INFORMATION: Office G7, Currie Gymnasium
Phone: 392-4737

The Summer instructional program provides an opportunity to use the athletic facilities and to acquire or improve athletic skills.

All of our courses are taught by experienced, well-qualified instructors. They are interested in making their classes enjoyable as well as meeting the individual needs of their students.

This year we have two separate fee structures for our courses. One is for those people who are gym members and are wishing to take an instructional course and the other pertains to those people who do not want to make use of the facilities for anything other than the course. Their entrance to the gymnasium will therefore be restricted to that course time.

SUMMER SCHEDULE

JUNE 28 - AUGUST 14

*THURSDAY CLASSES WILL START JULY 8

COURSE	COST		HRS/WK.	DAY & TIME	INSTRUCTOR
	MEMBER	NON MEMBER			
JAZZ I	\$36.00	\$60.00	3	Mon. & Wed.	17:45-18:45 NANCY LEPORE
JAZZ II	\$36.00	\$60.00	3	Mon. & Wed.	18:45-20:15 NANCY LEPORE
AEROBIC FITNESS	\$25.00	\$49.00	2	Mon. & Wed.	12:15-13:15 SANDRA CARTER
	\$25.00	\$49.00	2	Mon. & Wed.	18:00-19:00 CINDY COOK
	\$25.00	\$49.00	2	Mon. & Wed.	19:00-20:00 CINDY COOK
	\$25.00	\$49.00	2	Tues. & Thur.	17:15-18:15 GAIL MIYASHITA
	\$25.00	\$49.00	2	Tues. & Thur.	18:15-19:15 GAIL MIYASHITA
SOCIAL DANCE	\$25.00	\$37.00	1-1/2	Wed.	18:00-19:30 LEO DUMAS
	\$25.00	\$37.00	1-1/2	Wed.	19:30-21:00 LEO DUMAS
SQUASH	\$20.00	\$32.00	1-1/2	Mon.	18:15-19:45 LOUIS RAYMOND
	\$20.00	\$32.00	1-1/2	Tues.	17:30-19:00 JILL SAMIS
	\$20.00	\$32.00	1-1/2	Wed.	12:15-13:45 LOUIS RAYMOND
	\$20.00	\$32.00	1-1/2	Thur.	18:15-19:45 JILL SAMIS
	\$20.00	\$32.00	1-1/2	Sat.	09:15-10:45 LOUIS RAYMOND
TENNIS I	\$20.00	\$32.00	1-1/2	Mon.	16:30-18:00 HEATHER McLACHLAN
	\$20.00	\$32.00	1-1/2	Tues.	16:30-18:00 PHIL QUINTAL
	\$20.00	\$32.00	1-1/2	Wed.	17:00-18:30 PHIL QUINTAL
	\$20.00	\$32.00	1-1/2	Wed.	18:30-20:00 PHIL QUINTAL
	\$20.00	\$32.00	1-1/2	Thur.	16:30-18:00 HEATHER McLACHLAN
	\$20.00	\$32.00	1-1/2	Fri.	12:30-14:00 HEATHER McLACHLAN
	\$20.00	\$32.00	1-1/2	Sat.	10:30-12:00 HEATHER McLACHLAN
	\$20.00	\$32.00	1-1/2	Sun.	09:00-10:30 HEATHER McLACHLAN
	\$20.00	\$32.00	1-1/2	Sun.	10:30-12:00 HEATHER McLACHLAN
TENNIS II	\$20.00	\$32.00	1-1/2	Mon.	18:00-19:30 HEATHER McLACHLAN
	\$20.00	\$32.00	1-1/2	Tues.	18:00-19:30 PHIL QUINTAL
	\$20.00	\$32.00	1-1/2	Thur.	18:00-19:30 HEATHER McLACHLAN
	\$20.00	\$32.00	1-1/2	Sat.	09:00-10:30 PHIL QUINTAL

WT. TRAINING	\$18.00	\$30.00	1-1/2	Wed.	17:15-18:45	JAMIE BELL
WT. TRAINING (WOMEN'S)	\$18.00	\$30.00	1-1/2	Thur.	18:00-19:30	AL HINMAN
GET FIT	\$20.00	\$44.00	2	Tues. & Thur.	08:00-09:00	MANON POULIN
	\$20.00	\$44.00	2	Tues. & Thur.	12:15-13:15	MANON POULIN
	\$20.00	\$44.00	2	Tues. & Thur.	18:00-19:00	ERIC GLAWDECKI
GOLF	\$16.00	\$28.00	1	Thur.	17:15-18:15	PHIL QUINTAL
	\$16.00	\$28.00	1	Thur.	18:15-19:15	PHIL QUINTAL
*EQUESTRIAN	\$65.00	\$65.00	1	Tues.	20:00-21:00	JO SWEET
	\$65.00	\$65.00	1	Wed.	18:30-19:30	JO SWEET
	\$65.00	\$65.00	1	Thur.	18:30-19:30	JO SWEET

COURSE	COST		HRS/WK.	DAY & TIME	WEEKS
	MEMBER	NON MEMBER			
AQUATICS BEGINNERS	\$22.00	\$46.00	1-1/2	Mon. & Wed.	13:15-14:00 5
LEARN TO SWIM	\$22.00	\$46.00	1-1/2	Tues. & Thur.	18:15-19:00 5
	\$20.00	\$40.00	1	Sat.	10:30-11:30 6
STROKE IMPROVEMENT	\$22.00	\$46.00	1-1/2	Mon. & Wed.	17:15-18:00 5
SWIM FIT	\$22.00	\$46.00	1-1/2	Tues. & Thur.	17:15-18:00 5
BRONZE	\$32.00	\$56.00	5	Mon. & Wed.	17:30-18:30 (Classroom) 6
MEDALLION					18:30-20:00 (Pool) 6
SYNCHRO SWIM	\$25.00	\$49.00	2	Tues. & Thur.	19:30-20:30 5

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For further information call 392-4737 or drop by the Sir Arthur Currie Gymnasium, Office G7, 475 Pine Ave. West.

Waiting for the end of the world

by Richard Flint

There are over 50,000 nuclear devices presently stashed on the planet. On at least 12 occasions the USA has threatened to use nuclear weapons. On countless other unrecorded moments computer errors have nearly started the big one for us.

All the facts seem to keep being repeated, with slight variations (do the Reds have more mega-deaths up their sleeves than us, etc?) in the newspapers.

But these facts have been around for a long time. World tensions are increasing, but they alone do not explain the phoenix-like rise of the international peace movement. Someone told me that they thought that all the drugs people took in the sixties had finally worn off. There's more than a grain of truth in that cynical observation. North American society is heading into a depression; the economies of every nation on the planet are starting to crumble. Deep in the collective social memory we all how the last depression was cured. "The US economy sure needs another war." Western society is losing its supply of the wonder drug — affluence — and the withdrawal symptoms are already showing.

That's why having a demonstration in New York is fitting. New York represents the ugly extreme of American economic development. The bums in the street, the desperate kids, who have to knife old ladies to get enough money to eat, stumble about rubbing shoulders with the ultra-wealthy. Go to the Bowery, go to the Bronx, hang out in Harlem and then go re-read Milton Friedman.

The demonstration was massive. Probably a million people, but no-one was really sure. One cop told me they thought it was over a million. Half a million people were in Central Park at 2:30 in the afternoon, according to the New York Times — and that was when much of the demonstration hadn't arrived yet.

The demonstration was politically fulfilling. The Québec delegation was the largest international contingent (2000 said La Presse) well outnumbering the Canadians from Ontario and various places. That's what lay behind the desire of English Canadians to have the Québécois march behind their ugly red flags. Maybe one day they will realise that there is a reason

the Québécois are more active, more organised and more vocal than English Canadians. One Canadian I bumped into couldn't understand why the Québec delegation was chanting in French (after all, you guys only pretend to speak French, I mean, when you're alone in your homes you speak like us, eh?).

New Yorkers understood why we were chanting in French. We were cheered and applauded. We symbolised the internationalism of the cause. During the frequent moments when we were not moving, the bystanders joined us to chant "Nucléaire, non merci" and "On veut la paix".

And the Québec delegation wasn't only francophone Québécois. There were a number of anglophones who chanted in French, helped wave the fleur-de-lis and sang along to *Gens du Pays*. Our differences, it seems, are much less when away from home. Anglos and Francos were proud that Québec was the largest international contingent, and they wanted to march as *Québec*. To those of us who marched in the delegation two memories will remain: Singing *Gens du Pays* in the streets of New York, and the entrance to Central Park: "Les Québécois, les Québécois sont là," chanted the crowd, and then, "Les New Yorkais, les New Yorkais, sont là."

And then there were the Wingy-bongers. Little antennae with hearts, or windmills or little stars that you wore on your head. The Québec delegation seemed to be wearing more of them than any other single group.

But what about peace? Well, what about it? Nearly a million people came together, but they seemed to be asking for a lot of different things. Some wanted a freeze in armaments (leaving us with only enough weapons to fry the planet a couple of hundred times), some wanted the U.S. government to start negotiations, some wanted SALT-2 ratified (which limits the increases in weapons); some wanted bilateral disarmament, and some wanted unilateral disarmament. Some people wanted to get rid of all guns, big sticks and heavy candelabras.

Many of these demands are mutually exclusive. Those people who demonstrated their solidarity with El Salvador certainly don't want to disarm the guerrillas. Restricting weapons is very different from getting rid of them.

A lot of pacifism was evident at the demonstration. Pacifism is fine but has severe limitations. Token gestures, like sitting down in front of the embassies of the nuclear powers, just get a lot of people fines in the courts.

The problem is that "peace" has become a by-word for an acceptable cause that doesn't seem to involve much political analysis. No-one wants to blow up the world, so we can all join hands and hope it won't happen.

Some hard thinking has to be done if the anti-weapons movement is going to actually achieve something. What about workers in the armaments industry? They should be in the leadership of the movement, but few were noticeable in New York. If all we want to do is "ban the bomb" then are we intending to make these people redundant? In fact their skills and machinery could be producing socially useful products. The Lucas Aerospace shop stewards in England and the Union of Machinists and Aerospace Workers in the USA have produced blueprints for converting factories from weapons production of much-needed kidney machines. If armaments workers can be involved in a campaign then we can disrupt the actual point of production of arms.

The same is true for those workers who transport, install and maintain these weapons. If we want to undertake direct action instead of relying upon governments to talk about disarmament, then there are many more worthwhile actions to undertake than sitting in front of embassies.

The anti-weapons movement has the potential to be larger than anything seen in North America for years. But let's not blow it with sixties' bullshit. If the majority of the population can be brought round to actively opposing nuclear weapons, then we can work for a general strike against arms. But why stop there? The arms race is an integral part of the present world economic order. To separate the two is foolish. We must confront more than the facts, we must understand why they make the bombs, whose real interests are served by them, and, ultimately, understand this present campaign in terms of an overall analysis (oh, ugly commie word!!!). Otherwise everyone's gonna end up with permanent wingy-bongers.

"...the drugs people took finally wore off."



New York



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continued from p. 1

stripe was represented: The Marxist-Leninist Party, The Fourth International, The Anarchists, El Salvador Support Groups, South Africans, Children's Groups, Guatemalan Defence Councils.

Standard procedure was to humour the leaflet distributors, even though you knew that the info was horribly written, convoluted and unbalanced. You glanced over it. You dropped it to the ground. It was like gently falling snow. The pavement soon disappeared under the sheafs of it.

While the throngs multiplied and waited, loudspeakers on every streetcorner blasted the speakers' show from the front of the U.N. People of many nationalities spoke. A Hiroshima survivor told us that he had only one eye left. An organiser read a child's letter: "It's funny that you, the President, know and care less about nuclear disarmament than a bunch of kids. Or maybe it isn't so funny." Susan Sarandon (of "Rocky Horror" fame) told why she wanted peace. (People around me couldn't take it seriously and could only sing "T-t-t-t-touch Me" in commemoration.)

When the rumbling mass joltingly started to walk ahead, we burst through them. Bubbling over with adrenalin, we raced through, searching for the front of the procession and the international section. This exercise really brought home the immensity of the crowd and the depth of concern.

The placards, T-shirts, flags, puppets, inflatable dolls, costumes and banners were an unending source of entertainment and information. "If We Don't Speak For the World, Who Will?" "You Can't Have Children With Nuclear Arms." "Bread Not Bombs." "Paix Sur La Terre — Montréal, Québec." "F-R-E-Z-E!" "Take the Toys Away From the Boys." "There Is a Race That No One Will Win."

The Japanese contingent had an incredible devotion to their cause which shone brilliantly through their outwardly peaceful behavior. Bearing huge, long banners in script with subtitles, they stepped resolutely forward. A leader ran backwards and directed the chants with a megaphone. "No more Hiroshima. (All together:) NO MORE HIROSHIMA!! No more Nagasaki. NO MORE NAGASAKI!!" A few more in



June 12th 1982



f Glover, Vermont depicts
the World."



A view from the corner of 42nd and Park.

distinguishable names followed, and then, "We want peace. WE WANT PEACE!! I want peace. I WANT PEACE!!!"

One of the most memorable events came when the group arrived in front of a small Japanese shrine on Fifth Avenue — and everyone stopped together and spontaneously, turned to face the building, became totally silent and held up their right hand with the index and middle fingers extended. Peace!

For the first time in many years, it felt completely appropriate to be in New York, feel idealistic and hold up your hand in a peace sign. The goodwill gushed out like Niagara Falls. It was a hypnotizing burst of good energy. Many, many kids of all sizes rode, got carried or tottered along with the crowd. The organisers claimed that there were over 30,000 kids at the rally.

From a vantage point on a newsstand roof, I watch the crowd go by. It is more of a parade than a march: two very tight marching bands complete with baton girls; then the kids; and then the international contingents. Almost every country was represented, in-

cluding Sweden, Guatemala, Venezuela, Mexico...and, ho-hum, Canada.

Our fellow Canucks stopped to say hi and ask where we were from. Later on, the Québécois contingent arrived with a report that they were unhappy about having been designated to march with the Canadians. The Canadians wanted all Canadians to march together. The Québécois wouldn't have it. Everyone was preaching peace — but not at any cost.

Differences of opinion, however, never escalated into anything. In a radio announcement broadcast Saturday night, the police department thanked the demonstrators for being "the most peaceful group of people in New York City" and announced that they did not make one arrest.

One thing did, however, taint the demonstration — commercialization. The buttons were okay, but there were T-shirts, newspapers, posters (even of the Rolling Stones!), jewelry, beer, and, worst of all, specially-made antennae with springs and glittery balls, stars or pin-wheels on the ends. "We're from an extrater-

restrial contingent to the march," said one demonstrator sporting the cheap, inexplicable piece of trash. "We used to have a planet, too!"

The mega-crowd found its way past Peter, Paul and Mary playing on a stage on the side-walk, turned at a Salsa band on the corner of 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue, and made its way into Central Park. At the Great Lawn, deep in among the trees, over half a million people saw Bruce Springsteen (unannounced), Jackson Browne, and Linda Rondstadt and Gary U.S. Bonds sing a song each. Later came Rita Marley, Joan Baez, Pete Seeger and James Taylor. The scene on the lawn was, in fact, reminiscent of Woodstock or the Vietnam War protests. Drugs and drink flowed freely, frisbees spun, people shouted and danced, and generally created ad-hoc festivities.

As one demonstrator put it, "This is not only a denunciation of the nuclear arms race, but an explosion and a celebration of life."



Summer Photo/Edward G. Arzouian

WE'RE ALL GOING TO HAVE A

La Fête Nationale

by Michael Pacholka

To often amongst Montréal anglos there seems a reluctance to get involved in the Fête Nationale. An interesting, though rather silly, phenomenon — sort of like going to Rio during the Mardi Gras and never leaving your hotel room. Where this reluctance stems from is hard to say. Perhaps simply from an ignorance of the city east of St. Laurent, or perhaps from the more basic fear: "What? But I'm English! Won't I get beat up?" — No, probably not. Unless you do something really stupid. A Californian cousin of mine, lacking Fête etiquette, once insisted on singing *Barbara Ann* on Mount Royal one year amidst a huge chorus of *Gens du pays* and he didn't get beat up (though many snickered). Take your cue from that and shed all trepidation.

Trudeau Braves the Mob

As it was probably political elements that intimidated anglos (vague memories of Trudeau braving a mob back in '68 perhaps), it should be noted that the Fête has been substantially de-politicized over the past few years.

It now resembles a huge party, or series of parties, rather than any sort of political show. Gone are the spontaneous street theatrics of the late 60's and early 70's — when the murmur of revolution was in the air, and le Vieux Montréal was swathed in Fleur-de-lys and Patriote flags. All very exciting actually, but, fortunately or unfortunately, no longer with us.

The political emphasis seemed to die a little when the Fête celebrations were officially moved to Mount Royal in 1975 — a move prompted by the '4 Fête "riots" in Old Montréal (remember when the police decided that the safest and most efficient way to stop people from lighting bonfires was to charge in en masse?)

The Fête on Mount Royal (some would say Rock Festival) worked reasonably well the first year. The pastoral setting of Beaver Lake seemed to calm potentially riotous flag wavers. Bonfires were abundant, music plentiful, and the atmosphere terrific.

Mount Royal seemed to be the answer. That is, until the 1976 Fête when it rained the entire weekend, and the million or so people who went up left the mountain muddy and grassless.

Suddenly, nobody wanted the mountain to be used again, and of course nobody wanted more Old Montréal riots either. The idea was born of spreading the Fête around, of having a Fête in every *quartier*.

Small is Beautiful

Had the November, '76 elections turned out differently, the decentralized Fête might not have succeeded. The political emphasis might have risen again, except that under a P.Q. government such an emphasis might seem just a little redundant. In any case, a decentralized "party" Fête has managed to establish itself (though a focus of sorts has reverted to Old Montréal).



This year, in keeping with the decentralization plan, there will be some 110 different Fête centres spread around the Montréal area (there will even be activities for inmates at the St. Vincent de Paul and Archambault institutions). Of course, other unplanned activities will invariably spring up every here and there.

Fear of the Fête

So, having dispelled that basic fear of the Fête impulse, let's dispel that other potentially daunting factor: ignorance of where to go and what to do the day of June 24. We'll do this by taking a walk through a few of the 110 areas slated for some activity or other.

Yes, yes, of course, to soothe the still cautious we'll start off in English Montréal, on Bishop or Crescent St., we'll say, and have a few quiet, preparatory beer amongst familiar surroundings before leaving for

more interesting areas.

If you have a change of heart and decide to stay in the Bishop-Crescent area, then you'll probably want to partake in the street dance that's taking place there the night of the 24th (you may even want to go down the night of the 23rd to check out the fashion show they'll be staging there).

Presuming you can resist this temptation, why don't we mosey over to Parc Lafontaine.

Moving east...

We leave the Crescent area and walk east to Hutchison (preferably along Sherbrooke St. — you get a better view of the Devencore building from Sherbrooke), up Hutchison to Prince Arthur, sample the activities taking place there, and then further east to St. Laurent.

From here we stroll up St. Laurent to Duluth — you may want to check out the ethnic dancing just off St. Laurent at Sewell and Pine, or you may want to stop for a Schwarzbürger or a beer at the Bar St. Laurent, but I don't advise stopping at Prince Arthur East-Carré St. Louis just yet; it's a bit early for that.

We want to get to Parc Lafontaine before dark, and we may want to sit and eat or sit and drink some more along Duluth somewhere before we arrive. Duluth is a lovely street. A series of impressive renovations have taken place on Duluth over the last few years, changing it from a rather ordinary picturesque rue into a vibrant *quartier* that's still picturesque; there is some fear among small café owners and shop keepers that speculators may yet overdevelop and ruin it.

Bring Marshmallows

So, finally, we arrive in Parc Lafontaine. Activities will be taking place there all day, and in the evening, there'll be the sounds of a *Spectacle Musical* by the warmth of a huge "Feu de joie".

From here you're more or less on your own. It should be about 11:00 — midnight by now, and the Fête will really be starting to move — you've probably had lots of beer and/or wine; having also taken the joyful precaution of eating at several places, you're ready to celebrate in uninhibited fashion (the Dionysian spirit of St. Jean will have taken hold).

You may want to hang around Duluth awhile longer — a good bet for some spontaneous Fête activity, considering the abundance of cafés there and its proximity to Parc Lafontaine — or you might wish for

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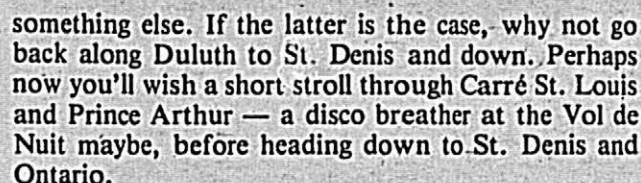
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So, there you go. Think of my Californian cousin, forget any trepidations you might have, and go out and enjoy the party. C'est ton fête, c'est mon fête aussi. Bonne Fête.

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Opera

Veni, vidi, Verdi!!

by Peter Tannenbaum

Il Trovatore, by Giuseppe Verdi / L'Opéra de Montréal / Franz-Paul Decker, Chef d'Orchestre / Roberto Oswald / Mise en scène, décors

As its last offering to the opera-going public for the 1981-82 season, l'Opéra de Montréal is presenting *Il Trovatore* by Verdi. This opera, along with *Rigoletto* and *La Traviata*, form the "Popular Trilogy" which marked Verdi's coming to maturity as a composer.

At the time he wrote these works, Verdi was already famous among the opera-loving Italians. It was through these three operas that his reputation began to spread throughout the rest of Europe.

The Political Scenerio

The late 1840's and early 1850's, when these works were written, were a time of turbulence and turmoil in the Italian peninsula. The *risorgimento* — the movement to establish social, political and cultural unity from among the diversity of Italian mini-states — was at its height. Its ideals, both cultural and political, found their expression in Italian Romantic literature and music.

Opera, which had at first been seen by the conservative governing powers as a means to pacify the Italian public, eventually became the forum for the *risorgimento*. Despite rigorous censorship by authorities, the message of 'liberty, equality and fraternity' was implied in the dramatic situations and the intensity of the music.

The State of the Art in Italy

Italy had long been the center for opera. In the 1820's, Rossini had revitalized that tradition by popularizing the "heroic opera" which was to become the new standard for 19th century Italian composers. By Verdi's time, however, the art form was stagnating. With a few notable exceptions, operas were lacking in stylistic unity; often the content of the libretto was completely divorced from the feeling of the music.

A movement to make of opera an integrated art form was beginning: the recitatives began to have greater musical significance; musicians manipulated the traditional sequence of arias to better express the drama of the opera. Greater demands were placed on singers and orchestra alike. Composers reached deeper into the well of inspiration for more impressive music with which to depict the more and more powerful passions expressed in the libretti.

Verdi Arrives on the Scene

Italians were awaiting a musical spokesman. He was anticipated by the political activist Mazzini who wrote in 1836 of 'the unknown young man who perhaps in some corner of our land, even while I am writing, is stirred by inspiration and revolves within himself the secret of a musical epoch.' That man was to be Verdi and it was with his 'Popular Trilogy' that he established himself as the master of the operatic medium.

"I see no reason to dissent from the traditional wisdom that sees in these three operas the romantic Italian melodrama in its ripest and most perfect state. ... What distinguishes this latest group of operas is the fact that Verdi has acquired such a critical understanding of his medium, and has so refined his craftsman's hand, that he writes almost nothing that is not dramatically meaningful and musically beautiful in its every detail. The merely conventional has been stripped away; the recitative and arias and ensembles that remain have become more full of music, especially of song, than ever before. ... Most impressive of all is the fact that, notwithstanding the increasing sophistication that almost every page of these scores shows, Verdi has become simpler in his utterance."[†]

Verdi's Perpetual Popularity

In present times, Verdi still heads the list of best-loved opera composers. His melodies are universally recognizable, even by those who have

never been to an opera performance — they pop up in TV commercials, movies, etc. For those who can appreciate good opera, Verdi's works have a spiritual significance. American conductor James Levine spoke of this when interviewed by Bernard Jacobson for the book *Conductors on Conducting*:

"I think there are certain composers who were the great, total, cosmic geniuses. There are certain composers who had everything — like people are fond of saying about Shakespeare, for instance. There are certain artists who have this phenomenal world-totality in this one person. And to me, the two composers who certainly have it to the greatest degree are Mozart and Verdi. ...^{††}



In the final scene of *Il Trovatore*, the hero Manrico shuns Leonora's pleas to escape prison while the sinister Conte di Luna lurks in the background. Azucena, Manrico's gypsy foster-mother sleeps in the foreground.

O de M Production is adequate - not great

Listening to Verdi is a great sensual as well as spiritual experience, like a rich Italian meal. It's hard not to enjoy such a sumptuous dish — even if the performance is no more than adequate, as was the case here.

The production by l'Opéra de Montréal was not top flight. Anyone listening with discrimination could have found fault in the performances of almost all the soloists (with the exception of mezzo-soprano Marian Paunova who was excellent). The staging was good, but the soloists displayed almost no sense of drama in their portrayals. Again, the exception was Paunova, although it should be said that her character, Azucena, is the one which Verdi took the most care in developing.

The sets by Brazilian Roberto Oswald are spectacular, but unfortunately the lighting is so dim that it is hard to see them, let alone appreciate them. The use of props was ingenious and effective, and the costumes were colorful.

The performance of the orchestra under Franz-Paul Decker was more than adequate, although there were problems with the tricky entries by the men's chorus in the opening and "nunnery" scenes. Visually, l'Opéra de Montréal's production of *Il Trovatore* was quite spectacular. Musically, though not an exciting performance, it was certainly entertaining. There are two more performances on June 17th and 21st at Place des Arts.

Notes

[†] Quoted from *Verdi in the Age of Italian Romanticism*, by David R.B. Kimbell, Cambridge University Press.

^{††} Quoted from *Conductors on Conducting*, a series of interviews with well-known orchestra leaders by Bernard Jacobson, music for the *London Times*, *Chicago Daily News*, and other newspapers and periodicals, Macdonald and Jane's, London.

L'histoire du Canada revue et corrigée

par Lucie Masse

Canada: derrière l'épopée, les autochtones, de Rémi Savard et Jean-René Proulx, publié à L'Hexagone, 232 pages, \$14.50.

Le professeur récite la leçon d'histoire du Canada. Les enfants blancs écoutent attentivement. S'ils sont anglophones, ils sont entraînés de la conquête de l'Ouest à l'unification du pays par un fédéralisme où tous peuvent s'épanouir tout en contemplant la menace américaine. S'ils sont francophones, ils apprennent que les Québécois sont un peuple conquis. Les uns et les autres, disent Savard et Proulx, se laissent «bercer par un discours historiographique tronqué, et endormir...doutilleusement par cette étrange réputation de Blancs sans passé colonial».

Le dernier livre de ces deux historiens, *Canada: derrière l'épopée, les autochtones*, devrait sans aucun doute faire partie intégrante de tous les manuels d'histoire du Canada en vigueur dans nos écoles «blanches». Nous apprendrions ainsi que la conquête de l'Amérique par les puissances européennes se situe dans la même lignée que celle qui les conduisit en Afrique où, après avoir infligé des dommages irréparables, ils ont dû se retirer. En Amérique, les Français, les Anglais et les Espagnols ont tous trois gagné; les Autochtones ont perdu...et perdent encore tous les jours.

Distorsions

Au début du XVII^e siècle, il y avait de 10 à 12 millions d'habitants au nord du Rio Grande. La reine Elizabeth de l'époque justifiait ainsi l'entreprise coloniale en Amérique: «...the vent of the masse of our cloths and other commodities of England, and in receaving back the nedeful commodities that we nowe receive from all other places of the worldes»(sic). Pour intéresser les marchands anglais, concluent Savard et Proulx, les premières nations d'Amérique devaient représenter une population non-négligeable, même aux yeux des Européens. Les manuels d'histoire conventionnels véhiculent donc premièrement la fausse «image d'un continent presque vide».

Deuxièmement, en se basant entièrement sur les écrits des premiers colons et des Jésuites, ils exagèrent les différences entre les Autochtones et les nouveaux arrivants. Certaines tribus «cultivaient le sol, produisaient des surplus céréaliers et les entreposaient...ce qui permit aux immigrants européens de survivre à leur premiers hivers en terre d'Amérique». Les peuples de la région des Grands Lacs «étaient impliqués...dans des opérations commerciales portant sur des ressources en provenance des quatre coins d'Amérique...». L'aspect primitif de l'organisation socio-économique autochtone était donc toute relative...au racisme européen.

Finalement, maintenant que les historiens essaient d'être un peu plus respectueux envers des gens que l'on a entraîné dans des guerres qui leur étaient étrangères, Savard et Proulx leur reprochent d'être étrangement silencieux sur le sort réservé aux Autochtones tout au long de l'épopée canadienne. Ils se contentent souvent «d'hommages posthumes ou d'un chapitre d'introduction hâtivement consacré aux premiers habitants du pays». La *Proclamation Royale*, le *Quebec Act*, l'*Acte d'Union*, l'*Acte confédératif*...contenaient pourtant tous des clauses relatives aux Autochtones selon le climat politique et économique de l'époque.

Les péripéties des «Affaires indiennes» expliquent

bien la vision que le personnel politique canadien avait des Autochtones. Tant que les colonies ont été en état de guerre, les Affaires indiennes sont demeurées sous le contrôle des Affaires militaires où, pour des raisons bien évidentes, elles resteront plus longtemps dans le Bas-Canada. Plus tard, quand on a besoin de leurs terres pour les nouveaux arrivants, elles seront jumelées à l'Immigration. Elles passent ensuite au ministère des Mines et des Ressources pour aboutir, aujourd'hui, associées aux Ressources du Grand Nord.

La traite des droits fonciers

Savard et Proulx expliquent également d'où viennent ces droits fonciers que l'on a accordé aux Autochtones sans leur dire et que l'on veut maintenant leur retirer. L'histoire est assez simple, disent-ils. Hollandais et Anglais se disputaient certaines parties du territoire américain. D'ingénieux avocats hollandais ont alors imaginé ce scénario: «reconnaître un titre de propriété foncière aux Autochtones» puis les «convaincre de se défaire de leurs titres en toute liberté, par vente ou autrement...». Les Anglais puis



les Français n'ont pas tardé à adopter cette stratégie qui donnait à leur conquête, aux yeux de l'opinion publique européenne, une allure légale respectable.

Ces «ventes ou autrement», que l'on nommera plus tard traités, ne signifiaient sans doute rien pour les Autochtones de l'époque, qui se sont ainsi fait subtiliser plus de 12 millions km² avant le début du siècle. Les Euro-Américains, dans leur inconscient colonial collectif, doivent bien savoir que, «dans la meilleure des hypothèses, ces signataires (autochtones) ont simplement convenu d'autoriser les blancs à venir s'installer sur leurs territoires».

La *Convention de la Baie James et du Nord québécois*, signée en 1975 par une partie des peuples de la région, s'inspire pourtant des pratiques et de la mentalité d'antan: vous ne savez pas faire prospérer vos terres; nous le ferons à votre place et vous verrez, plus tard, que c'était pour votre bien. Eux qui attendent toujours les soi-disant bienfaits du fédéralisme canadien!

Le rôle des Autochtones

La majeure partie du livre est consacrée à énumérer traités et législations concernant les Autochtones, du début de la colonie à aujourd'hui, et de les relier à l'environnement socio-économique de l'époque. *Canada: derrière l'épopée, les autochtones* est en fait une «version quelque peu remaniée» d'un rapport remis à l'*Alliance Laurentienne des Métis et des Indiens sans statut du Québec*. Ce rapport devait examiner «le contexte socio-économique dans lequel (s'est) structurées les relations entre le gouvernement fédéral et les peuples autochtones. Savard et Proulx n'y traitent donc pas beaucoup de l'attitude et de la réponse des Autochtones face aux différentes manœuvres «ethnocidaires» des Canadiens.

Après avoir brièvement mentionné leur réaction au début de la colonie et le mécontentement des Métis, il nous apprennent, en page 167, que «depuis la fin du XIX^e siècle, les populations autochtones avaient commencé à explorer les recours légaux et politiques qui leur permettraient d'y faire échec». Puis ils nous renvoient en bas de page pour expliquer qu'en 1906, «un groupe d'Indiens de la Colombie-Britannique était allé présenter une pétition à Édouard VII, concernant le titre indien aux terres de cette province».

À la toute fin, ils écrivent, avec ce doux optimisme caractéristique des militants de gauche, que la «stratégie coloniale canadienne est en difficulté» tandis que «la stratégie autochtone la conduit à faire de plus en plus appel à l'opinion publique internationale». Depuis plus d'une décennie, les Autochtones d'Amérique ont en effet porté leur lutte au niveau international. Ils se sont régulièrement rencontrés au niveau des trois Amériques où ils sont plus de 50 millions d'individus. De plus, les Autochtones du Canada se sont beaucoup politisés depuis quelques années.

Si, aux dires des auteurs, «mal informée, l'opinion publique blanche n'accorde qu'une attention distraite aux incidents secouant périodiquement l'opinion publique autochtone», ces «blancs» pensent aussi que les organisations autochtones sont sans structure et sans stratégie. Ils croient que la défense des droits des Autochtones est une lutte peuplée de «blancs». Les auteurs auraient donc gagné, dans leur «mission éducatrice», à élaborer sur le sujet. Rémi Savard, si présent dans la presse québécoise, connaît pourtant bien le dossier.

Un complément historique essentiel

Canada: derrière l'épopée, les autochtones est assez simplement écrit mais requiert tout de même quelques notions de base qu'une mémoire relativement bonne devrait conférer à tous les Québécois qui ont étudié l'histoire du Canada à la petite école. C'est un complément historique essentiel pour tous ceux qui s'intéressent à l'histoire passée, présente ou future de ce qui s'appelle aujourd'hui le Canada.

C'est finalement un livre indispensable pour les professeurs d'histoire à tous les niveaux. Ceux-ci devraient être tenus de dire à leurs étudiants que «pour ces peuples...le XVII^e siècle fut un horrible cauchemar» et que la suite ne fut guère mieux. Ils devraient rappeler la présence, la position et la réaction des Autochtones à chacune des étapes de notre «épopée». Les Euro-Canadiens seraient peut-être moins étonnés quand leur «réputation de Blancs sans passé colonial» est tout-à-coup sérieusement remise en question.

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Theatre

She is what she eats

Foodtalk/Théâtre expérimentale des femmes/Various artists

by Susan Gray

Foodtalk is a disappointing series of improvisations which deals with women's relationship to food. Performed by Roberta Sklar and Sondra Segal of the Women's Experimental Theatre of New York, the piece comes out of a fully choreographed work called *Food* and precedes another on the same subject. The women's theatre is interested in food for reasons that are evident to anyone interested in the woman's role in society. Traditionally, women and food have been almost synonymous. Who has usually fed baby her first mouthful, whether it be from bottle or breast? Until recently, few men have choreographed the essential rituals of everyday living, such as preparing and serving food. Thus, men have tended to have less intimacy with their families. As any psychologist would say, a child undoubtedly feels more

attached to the person who cares for his biological needs. The interaction between families, emotions and food becomes evident through some of *Foodtalk's* improvisations.

Although the actresses have a snappy, original opening, they do not follow it up either in style or intensity. This is true experimental theatre; a reversal of roles between audience and actors. As soon as we are introduced to the congenial actresses, we are invited to come to the stage and participate. There are large sheets of brown paper with felt markers hanging, all attached to wooden boards. Entitled *La Decade des Aliments* these sheets are a form for the audience to divulge which foods dominated their lives during certain decades, such as ten to twenty, zero to ten, etc. This device can be exhilarating if it is followed up with some dramatic interactions. Say, the actresses point their magic wands at us, absolving us of our guilt and obsession with these foods. Or, have them

dance around the stage, tearing up the paper in a Dionysian frenzy. No such luck, however, in *Foodtalk*. We stay on safe, intellectual ground as the actresses point out common trends in eating. That is, most women (and men) tend to eat more healthily as the years go by, and that there is a striking absence in the mention of junk food on our lists. Not much revelation here. And since the audience is a small select crowd, we can assume that this trend is not indicative of the entire Québécois population. Doesn't Québec have more junk restaurants per capita than any region in North America?

Later improvisations do little to increase the intensity of the theatrical encounter. One sees three audience volunteers on stage as, in one member, each describes a food that has haunted her through an entire decade. It is a fun experience but does not rise above that, partly due to the non-theatricality of the participants. Only one woman is really gut-

honest about her experience. She describes her passion with meat. She loves to chew it and never uses utensils, thus releasing her unbridled aggression. Connect this to an improv of Sklar's, entitled *Airline Food*, and we begin to see a social phenomenon at hand. Women have been trained to repress their active, aggressive feelings. What more pleasurable way to re-route pent-up energy than by literally stuffing oneself?

Unfortunately, as in real life, the Women's Experimental Theatre of New York does not display the full range of women's aggressive feelings. In another monologue, this time by Spegal, we hear of the frustration of a mother who is too closely identified with food. She complains to her family that they do not appreciate her heart-felt sacrifices, such as shopping for food and cooking all day. The scene is familiar — all of us have heard our mothers speak in a similar tone. And, unlike the improves, this one has a dramatic quality which, if extended, could develop into an interesting full-length piece. The backdrop to Spegal's diatribe is, naturally, a table where three family members (audience volunteers) are seated. The prop is an effective way to enhance the drama.

Because there is no food, we see the full impact of Segal's speech vis-a-vis her family. It is not only written in their expressions, somber as they are, but in the heavy silence in the air.

But aggression does not reach full pitch in the course of that improvisation or that evening. A little more of it seeps out when Segal imitates a father eating at the same table. His noisy, crass gestures point out women's anger indirectly. Many of us feel hostility towards distant fathers who did not show much interest in their maturing daughters. This over-exaggerated caricature ties in with other details concerning fathers and eating. Such details as fathers always eating first and eating the choicest cuts of meat remind us of subtle, but all-important discrimination women suffer daily.

Perhaps part of the problem of non-focussed aggression is just that the piece, which mixes amateur and professional improves, does not allow enough focus for any strong emotion. At best, such a quick-moving piece is difficult to pull off. Add to the subtle maneuvering required and the fact that many of the statements were translated into French, and you have an evening where spontaneity is often replaced with jerkiness.

Stratford festival

This July and August the famed Stratford Festival will play host to a number of distinguished guests who will speak on Shakespeare and theatre in general.

Canada's own Northrop Frye and Hugh MacLennan will start off the series, discussing Shakespeare's approach to romance (July 11—Frye) and their own work (July 18—MacLennan).

Arthur Miller will make an appearance on August 8 to read from his own work and answer questions about contemporary American theatre. High powered New York agent Sam Cohn will talk about art and

commerce on August 15.

A panel of artistic directors from three of Canada's largest theatres will convene on August 22 to toss around ideas on directing classics in the 1980s. John Hirsch of the Stratford Festival, Jean Gascon and John Wood of the National Arts Centre, and Edward Gilbert of the St. Lawrence Centre will form the panel, which will be moderated by Don Harron.

Samuel Schoenbaum and Robertson Davies, who has been associated with Stratford for over thirty years, will also be giving lectures this summer. All

—G.P. Goad



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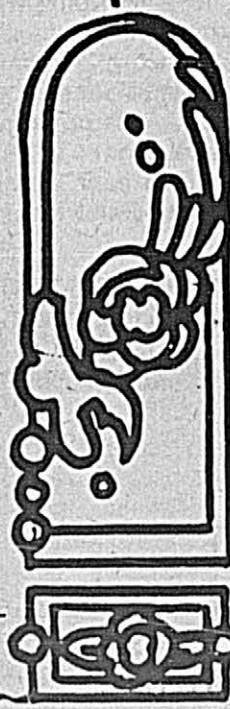
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Theatre

Strangers in a strange land

Prodigals in a Promised Land/directed by Elsa Bolam/written by Hector Bunyan/The Centaur by Martin Siberok

The Black Theatre Workshop is celebrating its tenth anniversary this year with the production of *Prodigals in a Promised Land* under the direction of Elsa Bolam. Written by Hector Bunyan, a Toronto-based writer from Guyana, the play depicts the marital problems of a West Indian couple in Canada.

As revealed in a short prologue, Theo (Anthony Sherwood) and Gloria (Caroline Walwyn) emigrated to Canada, so he could receive an education rather than going to the local University of the West Indies. Gloria, young and very much in love, agreed to marry and accompany him to the new land.

The picture of the couple in their present day situation, 11 years later, stands in contrast to their youthful enthusiasm. Settled into a daily routine and with the addition of a daughter, Atiba (Tammy Sherwood), the audience sees the couple dissatisfied with each other and their shared life.

A series of flashbacks depict the couple's first years in Canada. The frustrations of finding a job without any "Canadian experience", the confrontation with racism, the anxiety of being fired, and the starting of a family are all occurrences that shape these years. The difficulties experienced by recent immigrants are usually painful; cut off and isolated in a hostile environment their problems tend to be internalized and the anger released within the family.

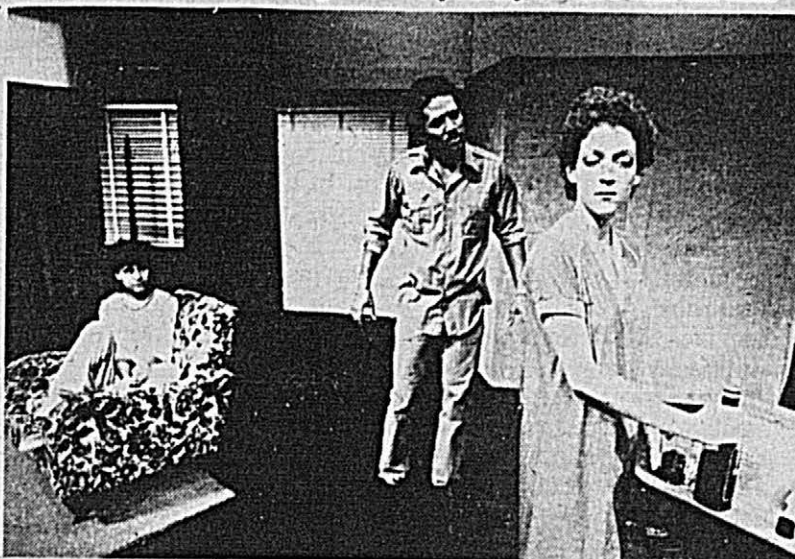
Theo wants to better his life; for him this route is through education. But higher education can easily alienate people from daily existence, which holds true

for Theo. The audience witnesses the change of an energetic and ambitious young man to an irritable, humourless and, at times, depressive husband.

In contrast Gloria is not the ambitious type, satisfied to be a loving wife and caring mother. But Theo cannot accept her choice, always criticizing her

child's movements, let alone witness its birth. It is easy to understand that over the years Gloria's love and concern have turned to bitterness and disdain.

Anthony Sherwood and Caroline Walwyn are both gifted, handling their roles with natural ease. The demand placed upon them is enormous, especially in Act I with the cons-



Guyana to here: problems of adjustment to western lifestyles came out in this piece on blacks.

unwillingness to broaden her mind, and accusing her of vegetating before the television and reading "crap". (Issues of *Glamour* and *TV Guide*, and a copy of *Love Story* are scattered around the room.)

While Theo wants an intellectual wife, Gloria desires a "Man", who will satisfy her needs. She longs for understanding, informing her neighbour, Stella (Yvonne Prevost), that Theo has mentally brutalized her. This lack of compassion has existed for years. One of the most devastating scenes for Gloria, six-months pregnant, is arriving home and being ignored by Theo, who openly admits his dislike for the child she is bearing. He will not even touch her stomach to feel the

tant use of flashbacks. Within a minute, the two have left an argument scene, returning after a quick costume change to a quieter moment in the past.

The other roles are acted with competence. A special mention goes to ex-professional dancer Walter Elliot, whose fluid movements are a visual pleasure. His portrayal of the humorous Arnold uplifts the play, allowing for comic relief within this atmosphere of marital decline.

To accommodate the flashbacks, the stage is divided into two sets: on the left the living room in the present-day apartment, on the right the one-room apartment 11 years ago. Placed in the middle is a dining-

room table used by both sets. The entire set works effectively with a sense of spaciousness being maintained in these restricted areas.

According to Clarence Bayne, artistic director of the Black Theatre Workshop, the criteria for picking a play in the past has been box-office appeal,

but this year they are being more adventurous. The depiction of the black immigrant's experiences in this "promised land" is a subject matter needed to be established within the overall Canadian experience.

Prodigals in a Promised Land runs until Sunday, June 27 at the Centaur Theatre.



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"Guys" in the woods play

I like it here/written by Neil Kroetsch/directed by Brian Richmond

by Susan Keys

Spending an hour and a half in an isolated logging camp with five sex-starved, foul-mouthed men is probably not your idea of a good time, especially if you are offended by sexism or put off by vulgarity. Neil Kroetsch's play "I Like it Here" probes beneath the coarse humour and obsession with sex to explore the sources of male bonding and avoidance of stable relationships with women. The disquieting conclusion arrived at in the play is that men flee commitments to women because they fear and cannot relate to them, no matter how strong physical desire may be.

"I Like it Here" is Kroetsch's

first play, and despite the weaknesses in characterization which can be expected in a maiden effort, the play is entertaining and, with some reworking, could be a potential hit. "I Like it Here" was performed in reading June 2 and 3 at the National Theatre School, one of eight Canadian plays-in-progress presented by Playwrights' Workshop in their "Spring Writes" programme. The playwrights whose work was showcased over the two-week period May 29 to June 11 ranged from established figures like Ken Mitchell of "Cruel Tears" fame to newcomers like Kroetsch. Public response to "Spring writes" was discouraging. The two performances of "I Like it Here" attracted a total of about fifty diehard theatre-goers. Kroetsch, a

fluently-bilingual actor-writer with experience in both French and English theatre milieux in Montreal, attributed the sparse attendance to the fact that support among Anglophone audiences for non-mainstream theatre is practically nil.

The characters in "I Like it Here" are five men who to all intents and purposes have taken refuge from women in a B.C. logging camp. They cannot live with women, as is attested to by one character's multiple marriages, and the central character, Johnny's rejection of an apparently satisfying relationship with his girlfriend (Catherine) in favour of a return to the bush. On the other hand, these men cannot live without women, either. Once free of the encumbrances of

continued on p. 19

DEAN OF EDUCATION

The present Dean of the Faculty of Education will retire as Dean and from the University effective August 31, 1983. An Advisory Committee has been set up for the selection of a successor. Nominations and applications for, or comments about, the post are invited. The Dean will supervise and administer the programs, budgets, and all activities of the Faculty. Appropriate scholarly and administrative experience is required; facility in French is desirable. Please send curriculum vitae and the names of three referees to: Principal D.L. Joston, F. Cyril James Building, by September 30, 1982.



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The position of Dean of Students at McGill University is open for nominations or applications from interested persons. The post involves a five year term of office commencing as soon as possible after July 1, 1982. This position is a most important one since the Dean maintains a very close relationship with students, faculty and administration in both academic and non-academic matters. The office is concerned with the needs and the improvement of student life in general, with the coordination and enhancement of the activities of the various student services and student residences, and the provision of aid to individual students who have problems or grievances of an academic or personal nature. Curriculum vitae and three names of reference should be addressed to: Dr. S.O. Freedman, Vice-Principal (Academic), F. Cyril James Building, and must be received by July 15, 1982.



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Larsen's fabrics on view

Jack Lenor Larsen
30 ans de création textile
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Montréal
Château Dufresne
by G. Pierre Goad

Textile design doesn't have the glamour and glitter of video art, the darling of the smart quiche bar crowd. But it has been with us much longer. Every single day every single person in our society, save truly committed Californian nudists, wears, sits on, or stares at textiles which have been designed by someone, somewhere, sometime.

If the betamax auteur is on the cutting edge of the medium responsible for the Brady Bunch then Jack Lenor Larsen is certainly a long-standing member of the vanguard of the 'medium' which created the green polyester leisure suit.

Larsen, who is in his mid-fifties, is now in his fourth

decade of textile—and other—design. His New York studio has produced over 3 000 fabric designs since 1951. Jack Lenor Larsen Incorporated has production centers in over 30 countries around the world. A magnificent stage curtain created for the Filine Center for the Performing Arts in Virginia was made in Swaziland.

Available through architects and decorators in North America, Larsen's fabrics are sold over the counter in European boutiques and are quite a hit. In earlier years Larsen's exuberant colors were considered a bit too wild for refined European tastes.

Larsen started by designing fabrics for architects Frank Lloyd Wright and Eero Saarinen. He has since quilted banners for bank towers, upholstered Braniff Airlines, and designed porcelain for Dansk International.

Unfortunately his exhibition is not displayed to complete advantage in the cramped Château Dufresne. This testament to turn-of-the-century opulence is not ideally suited to exhibit a large number of bold fabrics and panels. It is still very much worth seeing though.

Larsen has been documenting the 'art fabric' movement in several books he has co-authored. This innovative discipline includes the likes of Christo and his fabric walls, and those who sculpt with cloth and twine. Larsen is no less innovative.

He has pioneered a number of new techniques and introduced myriad new ideas to textile design. The interesting thing to remember as you walk through the exhibition is that people have these fabrics on their backs and covering their chairs.

Classified

Ads may be placed through the Daily Ad office, Room B17, Student Union Building, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. McGill students: \$2.00 per day. For 3 days, \$1.75 per day; more than 3 days, \$1.50 per day. McGill Faculty and staff: \$3.00 per day. All others: \$3.50 per day. The Daily reserves the right not to print a classified ad.

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Bookworms beware!!!!

by Charles Justice

A quick look inside the Paragraph immediately confirms that the Mansfield has been radically changed. Gone is the dusty archaic atmosphere of the old Mansfield. In its place is a very modern bookstore. Gone too are the tall imposing bookshelves filled from top to bottom. The shelves are compact and recessed for easier browsing. The floor is covered by lowpile carpeting. Beautiful Ansel Adams prints of American landscapes adorn the columns.

The café is in the corner closest to the entrance. A wall was knocked out of the former store to make room for it. Quiche, sandwiches, muffins, and croissants, are served at the counter along with coffee and three types of tea. Homemade goods like cheesecake are also featured occasionally. There are little tables which are conducive for either reading or talking while eating. A tapedeck that plays low-key blues, folk and classics contributes to the relaxed atmosphere.

Richard King and Jonathan Penny are the owners of the

Paragraph. "We both got the idea for a bookstore and café independantly," said Richard, "I saw one in Cleveland where I was supervisor for a Classic's store. Jonathan had seen one in Boston at Nathaniel Hall."

"The idea," said Jonathan, "is what can you do to make the bookstore work. To just open a bookstore right now is a difficult and dangerous thing to do. We thought of an art gallery, a photography gallery — those are nice — but they are not the kind of thing that will support a bookstore for the first few years when your trying to establish yourself."

A bookstore and café together are convenient for people who are pressed for time. Office workers with one hour lunch breaks and students with tight schedules can get lunch and shop for books at the same time.

Both Jonathan and Richard had worked as supervisors at Classic Books before they started their own bookstore. Their philosophy is different from the chainstore; "There is an atmosphere of welcoming

people,"

Jonathan, "There's a continuous communication to find out what our customer's want what we can do for them. Customers will often tell us about books we haven't heard about. They'll give us reading lists." This is the way that the architecture section was built up, through reading lists given to them by post-graduates.

The Paragraph will take special orders for books whether they are in print or out of print, and from wherever the book is available: "We have the best sellers, the current titles, and we perform full service," said Jonathan.

In keeping with their philosophy of making people feel welcome in their bookstore the owners feel that the store's selection should be well rounded: "Mansfield Bookmart took a particular accent on political economy and history," explains Jonathan, "Whatever the topic, what interested them was a leftist orientation. This was fine, except it's not going to give you a full range bookstore. For every leftist piece of literature

you should have something on the other side so that people have an ability to compare."

Richard adds: "The major difference in the history section is that what we have is a lot of history and what they have is a lot of theory about history. I know that because I have three degrees in history. I know the difference between a history book and a polemic."

Both feel that too many books at the Mansfield were unsellable. "As a test we're leaving certain books on the shelf that we know we got from Mansfield," says Richard. "We've had them reduced 10 per cent, 20 per cent, and 30 per cent and yet they're still sitting there."

Jonathan explained that although the demand for different types of books is continually changing there are always three recurring seasons in the book market: summer, back to school, and Christmas. "Right now we're into the summer reading period so that the humour section has been expanded. We also have a very good fiction section which ranges from the classics to the contemporary. It gives you a chance to try out new authors that you usually don't get a chance to.

At the entrance and exit of

the Paragraph is an electronic theft detecting system exactly like the ones used in University libraries. "We are about the only English bookstore in the province that has it," said Richard, "We have caught people with 100 dollars worth of books in their jackets, and they were the dummies that got caught. Before we had it we would suddenly see a big shelf space where there used to be a beautiful 150 dollar art book. There's about a thousand dollars that we knew walked out. That's of the big books that you notice. Try and figure out how many paperbacks and smaller books have walked out at the same time."

Both owners insist that the atmosphere became more relaxed since they have installed the *tattle tape* system: "In the old store you developed this automatic twitch. Whenever you saw a movement behind you, you turned around to see what happened," said Richard, "Now you don't have to do that. If somebody wants to spend all day browsing you don't have to bother them or keep an eye on them."

What's new in the book business? "Elephants," said Richard King, "There's a George Grosz book on elephants... I think elephants are going to be big...."

Guys play on...

continued from p. 17

wives and girlfriends, the loggers dwell obsessively on women, or more accurately on the female anatomy. This attraction-repulsion attitude towards women is at the heart of "I Like it Here", and is matched by the characters' ambiguous feelings for each other.

The mixture of fear, hostility and attraction in the characters' attitudes towards women is apparent in the scenes in which they are brought into contact with them. However, Kroetsch's handling of his female characters is lacking in depth, and unwittingly tends to validate the male characters' point of view. Thus the scene which sketches Catherine's relationship with Johnny in no way establishes her as a sufficiently strong character to account for his soul-searching once he has returned to camp. Catherine is merely a pretty girl (gratuitously introduced wearing roller skates), with a clichéd tendency to nag Johnny to stay at home and shoulder his responsibilities. We are completely unprepared for Catherine's subsequent arrival in the camp at the height of a drunken party, or for the visit during the same spree of the company's new (female) boss, Georgina Ray.

The version of the play presented at "Spring Writes" has undergone some changes from earlier drafts. The most incomprehensible alteration was the omission of a final scene in which, after Catherine's departure, Roger and Johnny

drunkenly alluded to a past sexual encounter between them. This revelation resulted in the ostracism of Johnny by his peers, for he represented an unwelcome interpretation of their preference for the all-male environment of the bush. The suggestion that latent homosexuality may have motivated the characters' choice of male camaraderie over stable relationships with women was conveyed in the "Spring Writes" production only through the meaningful glances between the characters.

The acting in this production was generally competent, although John Dolan as Johnny turned in a rather perfunctory performance. Robert Parson as Bill epitomized the loutish qualities and incipient violence of the "macho man". Sherry Bie as Catherine and Roxanne Moffitt as Georgina Ray acquitted themselves as well as possible in rather insubstantial roles.

Director Brian Richmond's deft pacing accentuated Kroetsch's strengths with (male) characterization and dialogue. However, the actors' timing was a bit off (this was, after all, a reading, and not a well-rehearsed production), with the result that much of the play's considerable humour was lost on the audience. The script itself still needs work, particularly the provision of an ending that strikes us less as having been tacked on for want of something better. The play's dissection of male sexual attitudes demands a bolder conclusion.



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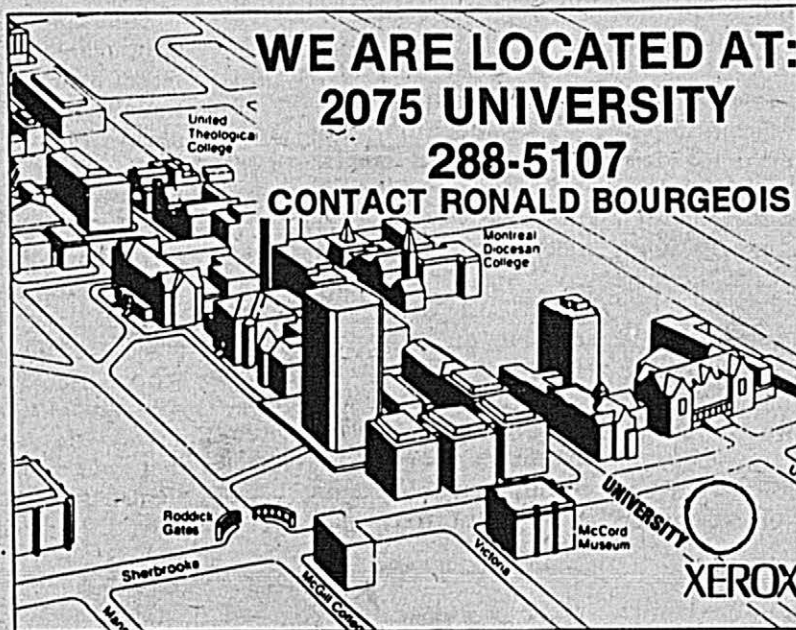
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